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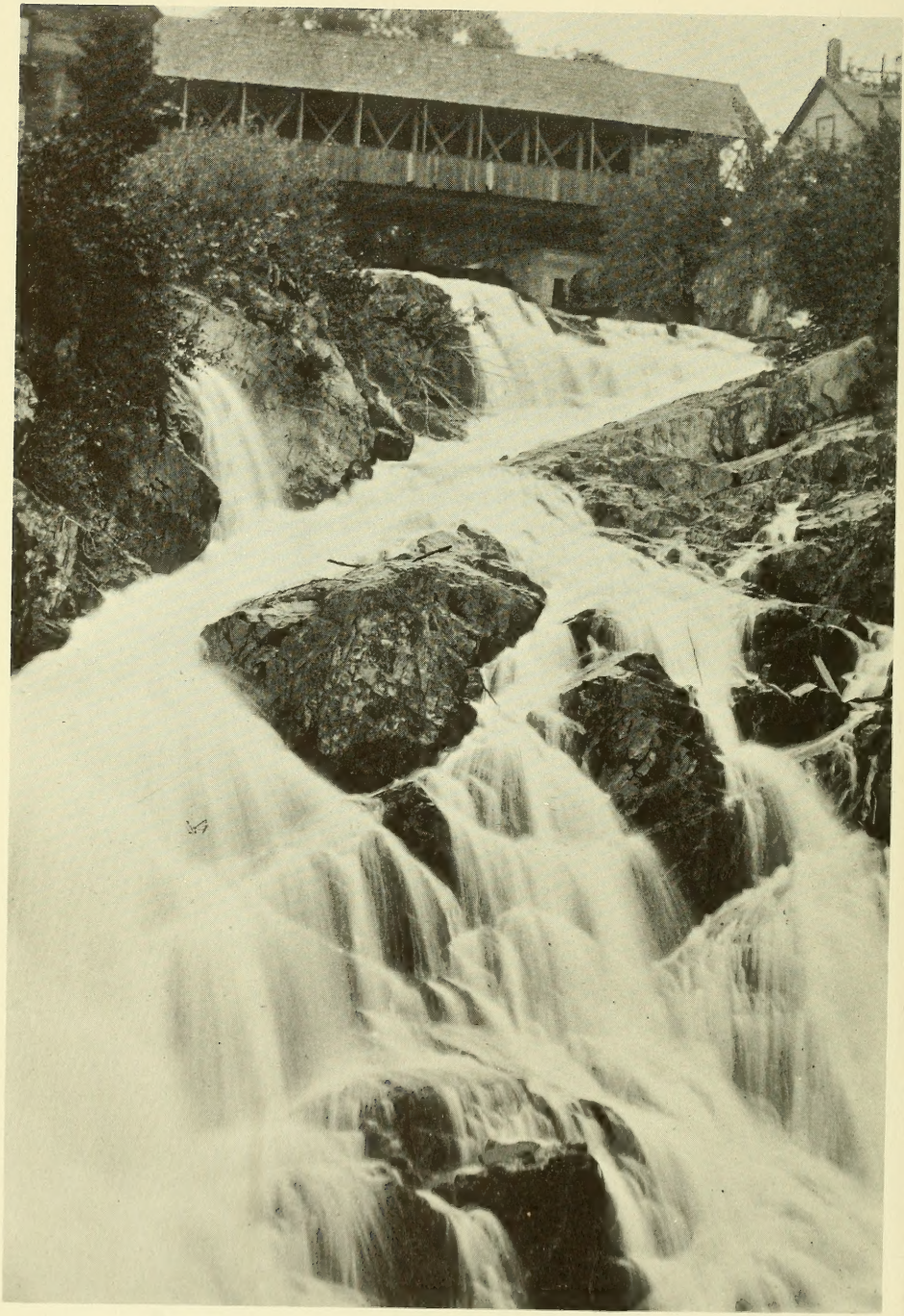
FOOTPRINTS DOWN THE CENTURIES:

A VERMONT HERITAGE

A state exists in its history. Take away the memory of the past, and what remains? A name and only a name. Take away the example and the recorded wisdom of the past, and what ray of light would be left for our guidance? What would we do but grope in darkness, and inexperience, and wander in a maze of perpetual childhood? If we are bound to respect the claims of posterity, we likewise owe a debt to our ancestors.

Henry Stevens, First President
Vermont Historical Society



Falls at Barnet, Vermont

FOOTPRINTS DOWN THE CENTURIES:

A VERMONT HERITAGE

by Ethel M. Stevens

CHAPMAN & GRIMES
Boston
[1961]

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DEDICATED

To My Twin Sister
Edna Mayhew Hall
The Baby, The Girl, The Woman
Who has shared so much of my life

Preface

My husband, Herbert Guthrie Stevens, is as American as Plymouth Rock. As a matter of fact Herbert's grandfather, five times removed, Cyprian Stevens, landed on this historic rock about 1670. Many distinguished Stevenses have descended from this early Pilgrim Father.

Another famous ancestor, Robert Cushman, came to America as early as 1621. Historical records have given Robert Cushman a prominent place in history when this country was in swaddling clothes. While he didn't come over on the *Mayflower,* he was instrumental in procuring this venerable ship and it is reported that because of his unselfishness he came on a later ship.

A famous actress, Charlotte Cushman, was a member of this family also.

There were many reasons why I became interested in my husband's family tree. His parents and his aunt and uncle told me much about ancestors who made their home in Vermont and who were especially active and prominent in Barnet, Vermont, where Herbert was born.

Aunt Bertha Jane Stevens left many old letters, newspaper clippings and many notes which added to my interest. When looking through an encyclopedia I discovered writeups about several of Herbert's kinfolks including some distinguished historians.

In a genealogy of the Stevens family I read that the family could be traced to Gerald Fitz Stephen, a Norman nobleman, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England in 1066, being in control of the ship *Morrow* of the fleet.

After a few generations the Fitz was dropped and later many shortened their name to Stevens. Sometimes even members of the same family spelled their names differently. It is also said that through the

years many of the Stevenses had served England as Barons, Chief Justices of the Courts of England, Members of Parliament, Lords, Earls, and there were several intermarriages with the Royal Family down to and including the House of Tudor.

Perhaps this gives us a better understanding why forebears fought on both sides of the Revolutionary War. I noted after the war was over they became patriotic American citizens.

When we moved into a home of our own we unpacked boxes, trunks and barrels and found heirlooms that intrigued me. They had been handed down many generations to my husband. I learned the spinning wheel belonged to a great-aunt; I wondered about her life. The copper bedwarmer had been used by the Stevens family more than a hundred years ago. The footwarmer had been carried to church to warm the feet of some forebear in the days before there was heat in the churches, except perhaps the heat generated by some of the early sermons.

My curiosity was aroused by an ivory-headed cane; I was informed that it had been used by a great-grandfather, Solomon Stevens, and was more than a century and a quarter old. A silver decorated whip revealed a story also. The engraving "S. Stevens, Montpelier, Dec. 1, 1853" brought out the information that it had been given to grandfather, Solomon Stevens, Jr. and that he had driven stagecoaches and operated taverns and hotels.

There were cane-seated chairs and old rocking chairs, one of which had been used to rock Herbert's father when he was a baby. I shook out an old dress and found that I could just squeeze into it. I was told that it belonged to a grandmother's trousseau of nearly one hundred years ago. A Paul Revere lantern must have dimly lit the way around for some ancestor.

We have a showcase full of dishes that date back from fifty to one hundred and fifty years; a "commode set" that predated our modern bathrooms.

The more I learned about these pioneers the more I wanted to gather at least some of them together and write about them and make them live again for present and future generations.

I admired these early settlers who braved hostilities of man and beast; hewed their homes from the forest; wrested their food and raiment from

the good earth and endured loneliness and privation because of the dreams they had in their hearts.

Not all could be famous, clever and talented; some played minor roles in life as most of us do, but the courage and faith of these people inspire us.

I close my eyes and seem to see the ripple of muscles under homespun shirts as axes are swung and I hear the crash and thud of falling trees and the sound seems to echo down through the centuries. I like to believe the spirit that motivated these ancestors to cross a perilous sea and conquer a wilderness, while seeking freedom and equal opportunity, has not died but is still marching on!

ETHEL MAYHEW STEVENS

Ceres, California
February 1, 1961

Acknowledgments

I wish to thank Mrs. Belva Johnson, former Ceres Branch Librarian, for her courtesy and helpfulness in getting books and information for me. I also want to express my appreciation to the personnel of the Modesto County Library for their efforts in my behalf. I especially appreciate the kindness of Mrs. Maude Stevens (Los Angeles), Mary and Sumner Gilfillan (Chester, Vermont), the late Hazel Stevens Zasadil (Chicago), C. P. Stevens, (Escalon, California) and Katherine Stevens Thompson (El Monte, California) for their contribution of data, clippings, old letters, and Coat of Arms.

I also wish to express my thanks to Mrs. Virginia Gilchrist (Barnet, Vermont), Miss Catherine Cushman (Turlock, California), Theresa and George Amidon (Montpelier, Vermont) and William S. Page (Kinston, North Carolina) for their kind contributions to my book. And to Miss Grace Olive Chapman of Boston, research specialist and member of the New England Historic Genealogical and Methodist Historical Societies, for her painstaking final reading of the manuscript I feel a special gratitude.

Foreword

FOOTPRINTS DOWN THE CENTURIES is not the dull reading one sometimes associates with family stories. I found it very interesting.

Mrs. Stevens has a knack of making characters she writes about come to life and really live. Her recapitulation of the scenes and scenery amid which her people move is very vivid. I have never been in Vermont but I feel now that I know what Vermont is like today and was yesterday.

I would like to commend her for the tremendous amount of research she must have done in producing this work. She knows her people, each one as an individual; she knows their temperaments, characteristics, likes and dislikes. Moreover she knows and understands the age and environment in which each lived. Such understanding as she has displayed did not come by inspiration alone but through hours of painstaking research.

And finally let me say: Though her book is factual and well documented there is a sparkling sense of humor and bits of wit which come to the fore from time to time making its reading really enjoyable.

REVEREND J. FREELEN JOHNSON

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FOOTPRINTS DOWN THE CENTURIES:

A VERMONT HERITAGE

1

CYPRIAN STEVENS — PATRIARCH

CYPRIAN STEVENS, son of Col. Thomas Stevens of Devonshire, England, was Herbert's grandfather, five times removed. He had a brother Thomas and a sister Mary. Their father died in England and their mother remarried.

These young people were hearing fabulous stories about America — the Indians, the never ending forests, the limitless opportunities of a New World. No wonder their hearts beat fast when friends asked them to accompany them to America. Their mother and her husband promised to come later.

Cyprian looked at his beautiful sister and wondered if they should take her to this wilderness. They had heard tales of hardship and privation too, but Mary was as eager to go as they were. There would be freedom and opportunity and they would worship God as they pleased. They could live out their own destinies without hindrance. This had been the dream in the hearts of men since time began.

It had been fifty years since Robert Cushman had procured the Mayflower for the Pilgrims' use to come to America; there had been some improvement but it was still a hazardous trip. All they had heard did not dampen their eagerness to explore the unknown. They would go. These young people played their part in early Massachusetts Bay history.

Cyprian, broad of shoulder, faced life with courage in this new land of his adoption. There were many challenges in this wilderness that was America in the Seventeenth Century but Cyprian was not afraid. He had learned a trade before he left England. He and his brother Thomas were blacksmiths and ironmongers and their services were much in

demand. It is said that wrought iron is the basic craft of all crafts, a real man's art. The brothers designed and made hinges, weathervanes, balcony and porch railings, latches and even footscrapers. In their young days they were men with hammers in their hands.

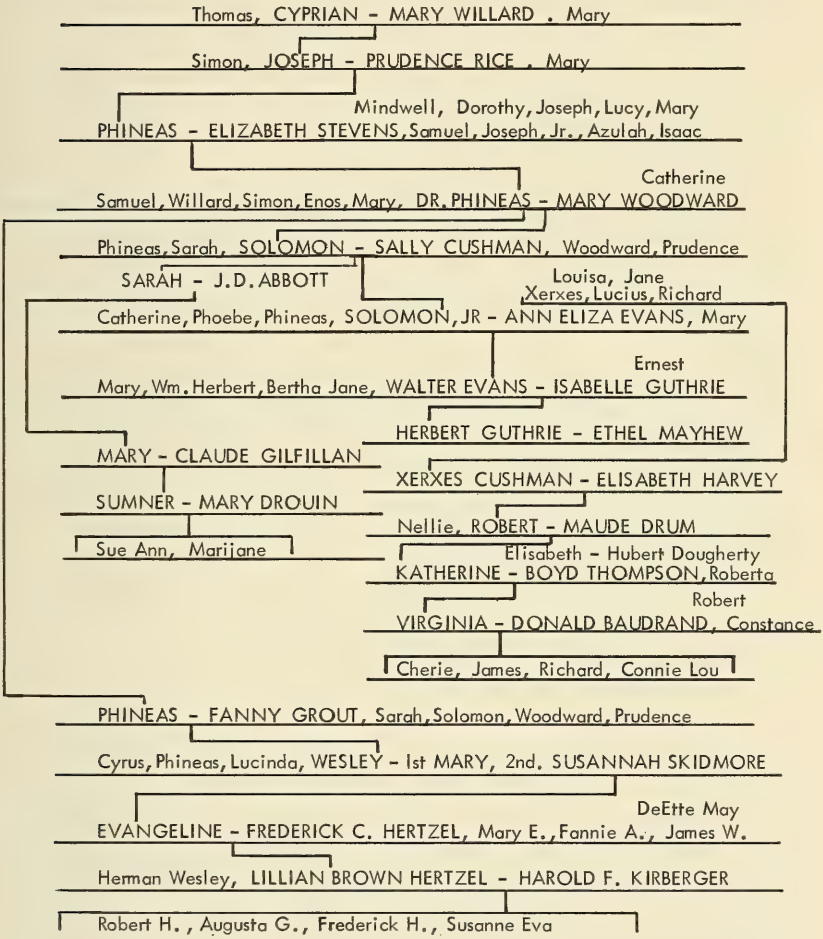
Mary had early learned the arts of housekeeping and it was not lost on Lt. John Whipple, who was coming to their house more and more. John was a man of distinction, well educated and was serving his country well. No less a man would be good enough for Mary, Cyprian was convinced. In six months when John claimed her as his bride Cyprian was reconciled in her going to Ipswich with John to make their home.

Cyprian remembered what his father had told him before he died. To always remember that he came from a long line of eminent men. He would not forget.

On this memorable day Cyprian had gone to see Major Simon Willard of Concord on some business connected with his work. Major Willard had invited him to his house to meet his family that evening. As he rode up to Major Willard's home he noted that it was larger than the majority of the homes of the neighborhood. It was two stories and an attic high and on one side the roof sloped down to almost eight feet above the ground. Perhaps the lean-to had been added on as the family became larger. The chimney of the great fireplace towered above the roof tops. He was to learn that it served two large rooms as the Willard's home boasted a sittingroom as well as a large room where they did the cooking and eating. While many of the early fireplaces were made of wood and clay, this one was of brick.

As he entered the sitting room Major Willard introduced him to his wife and three daughters and two sons. He learned that several grown children were already married and numerous small children had been put to bed. Later he was told that Mrs. Willard was the mother of seventeen children. "And she looks so young," he thought to himself. He felt a bit overwhelmed by the three attractive daughters but the lively give and take of the family soon put him at his ease. A six foot log was burning in the fireplace. A settle on each side of the fireplace held him and Janette and William and on the side across from them sat Mary,

HERBERT STEVENS DESCENT FROM CYPRIAN* STEVENS
and other descendants



*Came to America about 1670

her mother and John. Major Willard sat in a great arm chair and Esther was seated on a stool beside him.

Two flintlock rifles and a bedwarmer hung from the fireplace. Two large candlesticks with glowing candles were on the mantle as well as some copper and pewter dishes. There were candles on small tables about the room. A spinning wheel and loom occupied one corner of the room and a highboy and carved chest were against the opposite wall. A gateleg table and several chairs completed the furnishings. The floor was made of wide planks. Several animal skins were on the floor about the room.

Cyprian was conscious of the nearness of Janette; he liked her humor but he could not keep his eyes from Mary, her eighteen year old sister who sat across from him. Often Mary caught his glance and demurely lowered her eyelids only to open them quickly with wideeyed interest and approval. Her eyes were brown but her hair was light in color and it fell in curls about her face. She wasn't so pretty as Esther nor so slim as Janette, he noted, but her gracious hospitality and unfailing smile were winning his heart completely. Presently she arose to bring in the tea. Cyprian's eyes followed her every movement. Her almost Puritan plain dress failed to hide the well-rounded body that moved so gracefully across the room. He knew as the evening drew to a close that he must see Mary again.

"When may I see you again, Mary?" he asked a bit breathlessly as he held her hand a moment as he bade her goodnight.

"When you come to Concord again, sir," she answered smiling. As he rode off in the moonlight he knew it wouldn't be long.

Several months later Cyprian was riding along the road that was hardly more than a path. This was the fourth trip he had made to Concord to see Mary. It was such a spring day that it left him breathless with an ineffable yearning. His heart was filled with painful sweetness. The trees had never looked so green, the sky so blue. Wild flowers were peering out from their hiding places along the road. He even felt a kinship with the little animals that scurried across his path. When he brought Mary home from a party a few weeks ago she had promised to be his wife. Cyprian was dreaming dreams, as the Ste-

venses before him had dreamed, but it was more than a dream of a young man in love. It was an American dream too. A dream of a home hewn with his own axe—of freedom, of opportunity, a faith in the common man to carve out his own destiny without dictation. He could swing an axe. He would build a home for Mary.

Cyprian and Mary were married the following January 22, 1671 in the little white church at Concord. The church had been decorated with greenery. Mary's family, happy and excited, took their places in the church. Cyprian's brother and sister and their families were there also. Several of Cyprian's friends had come from Boston. The rest of the church was filled with townspeople.

Cyprian was dressed in a shiny blue silkcloth suit with weskit of gold brocade. The lace at the wrists and neck was also gold. His stockings were dark blue wool and there was a gold buckle on his shoes. Suddenly his eyes lighted up as he saw Mary coming up the aisle on the arm of her father, Major Willard. He thought he had never seen anyone who looked so beautiful as Mary dressed in her white silk dress and bonnet. Rows of lace and rosebuds faced the underside of her bonnet next to her face. Wider lace was gathered around her neck and fell in cascades down her full skirt, caught by clusters of rosebuds. She wore long earrings and a matching breastpin was at her neck. Cyprian had brought these from Boston.

The ceremony was long. Cyprian felt impatient to get it over with. At last he kissed his bride. He could feel the pounding of his heart. Mary was his own now.

A few hours were spent at Major Willard's house where relatives and friends toasted the bride and groom and made merry.

Cyprian took his bride to the home he and his neighbors had built at Lancaster where Major Willard had large land holdings that had been granted to him by the King. Cyprian had bought some land from the Indians and later he, too, was given a grant of land. The house was of simple construction and contained only one large room with an upstairs attic that was not completed. A huge fireplace had been built at one side with an idea of another room being built as a sitting room later. He would build a lean-to as he needed it. The house was made

of clapboards fashioned out of the trees they felled, as most of the houses were, after the shacks and tents of the earlier days. In this common room he had put a settle next to the fireplace. A regular table that Cyprian had made was in the center of the room. There were chairs and stools and a bed in one corner with a dresser close by. A cupboard with wooden plates and trenchers and an array of pewter dishes occupied another side of the room. A wooden pail was on the wash bench. There was a chest for cornmeal and a barrel for salt beef and salt pork. There were a few copper and iron kettles on a shelf. A flintlock rifle was hanging on the fireplace and on top were candles and a few pewter mugs. Cyprian had made Mary a linen chest and he had decorated it with elaborate carvings.

He had fastened an iron crane to one side of the fireplace; it could swing out to hold a kettle. He had made a spit for roasting. Mary would thrust it through the meat, and it was supported in front of the fireplace with two upright forks. There was a handle on one end of the spit to turn the meat. A pan underneath caught the drippings. They had a bake kettle with legs and they piled red embers around and over it when Mary wanted to bake. Cyprian could not give Mary all that she had been accustomed to, but her delight in everything and the light that comes only from love shone in her eyes.

There was a clearing around the house and Cyprian had hollowed out logs to run water through from the spring to the house. Hand in hand Cyprian and Mary stood at the edge of the clearing and looked at their modest home. They would help to make this a new world. They looked up at the blue sky and then at each other and thanked God.

For a time they had forgotten about Indians; they did see wild animals, however, and Cyprian had been hunting wolves. They were paying a bounty on them and he had brought in seventeen. Lately Cyprian had been hearing rumors that the Indians were on the warpath. He bought another flintlock rifle and taught Mary to use it. Cyprian came home one evening. His face was pale. His strong jaw was set in straight lines.

"Mary" he said as he sat down beside her on the settle, "There are times when I would like to kill every Indian in the world. Today I saw two Indians use tomahawks on Mrs. Salton and her daughter, rip off their scalps and go savagely on to more destruction. I couldn't get to them

in time. Later I did kill one of them but that didn't bring the Saltons back." He sighed heavily as he gripped Mary's hand.

"It is terrible, Cyprian, but I guess we can't blame the Indians entirely. They have been driven off their lands. They have been exploited by many white men, who have stolen their property and killed them on sight. Perhaps Indians can't be judged as white men are judged. They have lacked discipline and education."

"I know, Mary, when you stop to think about it, many of them have been treated unfairly on many occasions. Look at John Asher, he gets them drunk and practically steals their fine furs. He is getting rich and is building up resentment among the Indians that is breaking out cruelly in many places."

Four years later in 1675 Cyprian was in charge of the Garrison House at Lancaster. It was being savagely attacked by the Indians in what was called King Philip's War. King Philip or Metacomet was a son of Chief Massasoit of the Wampanoags. Though Massasoit was a friend to the whitemen and had held fast to his treaty, his son Philip was suspicious of them and when his father died he planned an outbreak of hostilities that filled the colonies with massacres and burnings. Finally King Philip was defeated and his men were driven away. It is said that Philip took refuge in a swamp near Mt. Hope and that he was slain by another Indian.

In the records at Lancaster there is a list of Indian captives put out as servants and a boy six years old, Samuel, son of Nahanit, was given to Cyprian. Cyprian brought the lad home and they were soon very attached to him. Later he proved to be more of a companion to their children than a servant.

There was peace with the Indians but it was an uneasy peace. At this time Cyprian was keeping tavern. The country tavern of the early days filled a unique place in their time. It was the central meeting place of the community. All the news and gossip of the community circulated in the barroom and on the porch. The proprietor made the reputation of the house. If he was an upright man of character the Inn would be the stopping place for ministers, the court, and the bar. It was the stopping place for all travelers and traders. He heard whatever news there was.

Cyprian heard that Indians were again threatening the town. Great hordes of them were congregating to the west of Lancaster. Cyprian was worried about Mary. She was heavy with child. He must get her and Samuel away. He barely had time to get them and a few belongings and started for Rumney Marsh (Chelsea). He would come back when he got them settled, but the inhabitants of Lancaster found themselves so out-numbered they fled for their lives.

A short time later, Simon their son was born, August 13, 1677. Cyprian brought his wife, their son and Samuel back to Lancaster. The tavern had been burned down but, fortunately, their house had not been disturbed. Simon was christened at the same little church where Mary and Cyprian had been going each Sunday.

Three years later a little girl was born. They named her Mary after her mother and Cyprian's sister. He was very proud of Simon but Mary was the apple of his eye.

Mary found Samuel, who was eleven, much help with the children and she would have fought for him as she would for her own children. Cyprian continued to serve his country under Thomas Wheeler and later under Ens. Peter Joslin. In his spare time he added more rooms to the house.

"You are pretty, Mary," Cyprian said pinching her cheek as he bent over her while she sat in the big armchair near the fireplace. Mary's cheeks were even pinker when she looked up at Cyprian and said, "Cyprian, we are going to have another baby."

Cyprian grinned broadly, "Good, you are going to have to hurry if you keep up with your mother."

"I never will, Cyprian." Mary answered, a little sadly Cyprian thought.

He kissed her lightly on the cheek. Six months later their brown-eyed son was born. They christened him Joseph, adhering to the biblical names, as the Stevenses did through many generations. While Joseph had his mother's eyes, when he grew up he had the same broad shoulders and resolute jaw as his father, and he was even taller.

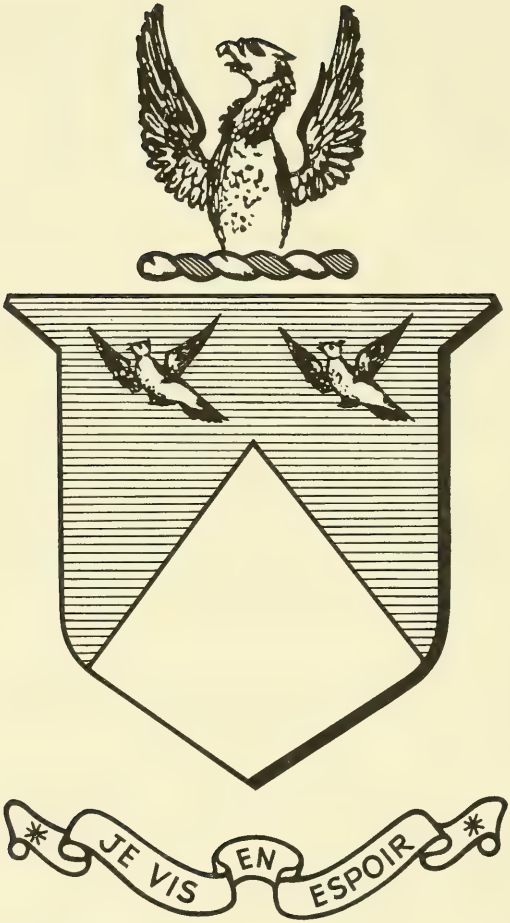
When Joseph was born in 1683 Cyprian was clerk of writs, continuing to serve for five years. In 1690 he was elected constable.

In time the ruggedness of the wilderness left its mark on Mary. She fell ill suddenly and died.

There were days and nights of loneliness for Cyprian and the children. Joseph was eight, Mary eleven and Simon fourteen. Cyprian had offered to let Samuel go if he wanted to, but he wanted to stay with the children. Neighbors were good to care for the children. Cyprian found that work eased the pain of loss and as time went by the ache in his heart became less and less.

When the snows came again Cyprian saw Ruth smile at him across the aisle in church. He wondered why he had never noticed how attractive she was before. From the brightness of her smile he knew she found him desirable too. As months went by their friendship ripened into love and they were married in the church they had joined.

Cyprian lived until about 1720.



Stevens

I LIVE IN HOPE

2

JOSEPH AND HIS PROGENY

Joseph, who was Herbert's great-great-great-great grandfather, stayed with his father and stepmother until he was eighteen years old, when his brother Simon and wife invited him to come and live with them in Sudbury, Massachusetts. Simon, who was six years older than Joseph, had always taken an older brother's interest in Joseph and when their mother died it was Simon to whom Joseph so often turned with his problems.

Simon dealt largely in real estate and Joseph learned much about the country while working for his brother for a number of years.

Joseph took an active part in church work and it was there he met Prudence Rice. It didn't take him long to realize that this blue-eyed girl was the one for him. He and the fair Prudence settled down in Sudbury not far from Simon's and Mary's home, about 1706.

Even when Joseph reached manhood most of the new world was still a wilderness. Transportation was largely done by foot and horseback. Rafts and canoes were used on streams. At this time canoes were built from large logs hollowed out, done partly by burning and partly by axe. Many of them were reported to have been thirty feet long and three or four feet wide. Most of them were made by Indians who were skilled in the art of canoe making.

The settlements were still close to Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth colonies. Joseph continued to live in Sudbury for about eight years.

Joseph and Prudence rejoiced over the birth of their first child born February 20, 1707. They named him Phineas.

"He is smarter than most children, isn't he Joseph?" Prudence asked Joseph as they sat watching Phineas toddle around seemingly trying to investigate everything.

"Of course he is smarter. Look who he is related to," answered Joseph, a broad smile lighting up his whole face.

"But I mean it, Joseph, he is only nine months old. None of Simon's children walked that early and they aren't so slow. It isn't just his walking either; he seems to know so much for his age."

"Maybe," Joseph began a bit teasingly," Phineas realizes that he has to be up and doing to make room for his little sister."

"Don't hurry things, Joseph, give little sister or little brother a few more months to mature. It shouldn't be here before March." Joseph looked at his wife intently. He thought he had never seen her look so lovely. A pressing warmth welled up in his heart. He was a lucky man he thought.

In these small coast villages the gentleman, the man with money, still might have various privileges but there were still few luxuries to be bought with money. Services were hard to hire, for almost anyone owned his own home and some land. There was little distinction between the houses of the rich and the houses of the poor. Work had become a leveler, the ordinary man had asserted himself and had become a power.

At that time the colonials were the freest people in the world in playing politics in the assemblies. There was no lack of loyalty to their King and mother country but the colonists were naturally convinced that neither the King nor Parliament knew what was good for them as well as they knew themselves. Government was largely concerned with the allotment of land to the settlers, the laying out of roads and working on them; raising money for the support of towns and churches; arranging for sentry duty and organizing a small force to fight the Indians.

At first they were simple human beings clearing the forest but they had come a long way. There was a steady increase in the demand of the ordinary man to be heard in the affairs of his local government; a demand for widening the vote to permit him to do so. It was simply the reaction of the English character to circumstance.

Land close to the coast was getting scarcer. Thousands of English people had migrated to the new world.

Joseph was getting restless to push further west. He had heard of new settlements. There seemed to be endless forests that reached beyond anyone's dreams, inhabited by Indians only.

The Indians found themselves overwhelmed and step by step they were driven back from their hunting grounds, their fishing places and their camp sites. They formed long encircling lines behind these settlements and they were hostile and friendly by turns; either making treaties or war, depending largely, perhaps, on the men they were dealing with.

Joseph wasn't afraid of the Indians. Perhaps because of the little Indian boy who was raised in their home. He had not come in personal contact with them since he was grown. He was to learn how savage they could be and at the time it was hard to remember they could be kind.

Samuel, Joseph, Jr. and Azulah were born before Joseph and Prudence left Sudbury. Friends had moved to Framingham and wanted them to come too. That was a little further west. Perhaps they could make their dreams come true there. They lived there four years but Joseph was not satisfied to be someone's hired help. Like the Stevenses before him Joseph was seeking his star in the west. He wanted a home where the dead hands of custom and exploitation could not push him back. He wanted culture and learning for himself and family.

Little Mindwell was born in Framingham in 1714. She was their fifth child. It was four years before little Isaac was born. He had the distinction of being born at grandfather Cyprian's place in Lancaster.

Joseph and Prudence decided to move to Rutland, Massachusetts. They had heard that the land was rich and the timber immense. Several families they knew were moving there. The west of those days was still east of the Connecticut River. In Joseph's time the first settlers in the new territory were often adventurers, ne'er-do-wells, a motley crew of traders and hunters and dissatisfied people. They built shacks and scantily cleared the land around them. After them came a more substantial sort of settlers, who bought the land from the first who then moved on.

It was some such place that Joseph bought at Rutland. His father had sent word that he wanted to see his grandchildren before they went any further west. So Joseph took his wife and children to Lancaster while he went on ahead to build a home for them in Rutland.

As they settled further from the coast and into the dense timber, log houses were being built more and more. Joseph, with the help of friends and neighbors, built a large log house. Upon completion perhaps a cask of rum was opened to celebrate.

The people around there had a unique way of felling trees. All the large trees upon a tract of land would be cut nearly off, enough remaining to hold the tree upright, and when the area marked off for destruction was thus treated, a single tree on one side of the tract was brought down against the tree beside it, which yielded to the thrust; trees fell upon trees and the whole area, perhaps acres in extent, swayed and fell like grass before a scythe and with a crash that was thundering. This was followed by a whirlwind as the air was disturbed by the dense mass of bending and falling trees.

And then came the clearing. Much wood and valuable timber had to be burned just to get it out of the way so they could plant grain and other crops.

Now that they were further west from the coast they had to depend almost entirely upon their own resources for their food. Fruit trees would have to be planted if they wanted fruit. In Boston they had town markets where the farmers could exchange their vegetables, sacks of grain, firkins of butter and cheese and slaughtered meat for oysters, lobsters, fish and other products. When the vessels came in from the West Indies there would be limes, pimentos and molasses (most of the molasses would be made into rum). From England there would be tea, coffee and chocolate.

In Rutland they were too far away to depend on Boston. The rich virgin soil produced excellent grain and vegetables. They had all their own milk and butter. Beef and pork as well as turkeys and chickens were raised on the place. Bear and deer meat was plentiful. On the whole they ate well. They also grew and wove and spun their own materials and fashioned their own clothes. Leather was used a great deal, often made into breeches and jackets.

It was time to go after Prudence and the children. Joseph was excited and happy now that the time to go was near. He wondered if the new baby had been born. He hoped it had, they might be able to get a doctor there. Often women had to face childbirth alone and unaided in their forest homes. They had to have courage to marry and raise a family in those days.

The long trip was ended. Joseph could see Prudence coming out of the house followed by several children. He could hardly see her for the tears

that persisted in coming into his eyes. He brushed them away quickly as Prudence came swiftly to his side.

"Joseph," was all she could say as he held her close against his homespun shirt. Children surrounded him closely until he kissed them one by one.

"Prudence, my dear, it has seemed such a long time without you." Joseph looked at his wife intently as he circled her waist with his arm while they walked toward his father's house.

"Let's not be separated any more, Joseph. It has been nice here but I am anxious to go home with you and the children," Prudence answered; a deep light shone in her eyes.

They had named the baby Isaac. It was not just another baby to Joseph; each child that arrived had a special appeal for him.

Prudence eyed the new log house with approval. The children ran about excitedly, investigating everything. Phineas looked around the dense forest surrounding the clearing and said to his father, "Papa I am going to have to help you cut down a lot of these trees, we've got to have more land to farm."

In the next few years they did cut down a lot of trees and cleared the land. It was a never-ending task. It has been said that if a squirrel leaped from limb to limb he could go a thousand miles without seeing the sun flicker on the ground, so continuous were the boughs and so dense the foliage at that time.

In 1723 Dorothy was three years old and another baby was on the way. Childbearing was a continuous process in many families at that date and many mothers' health broke down and they sickened and died. Perhaps Prudence was healthier than most or she accepted each child as a heaven-sent gift, for she was still strong and more youthful in appearance than most wives her age. There were a few teeth missing where it didn't show but not the claimed "one for each child."

It was a nice sunshiny day, Phineas and Samuel had gone out into the meadow but little Joseph, who was the kindest and most thoughtful of them all, waited for little Isaac to get ready; then they joined their brothers. Their father was out working in the hay field. Prudence had

just looked out of the window and saw the boys at play. They are so happy and carefree she thought. She sighed happily as she turned from the window and saw Mindwell and Dorothy busily playing with their rag dolls.

Joseph had been telling Prudence that the Indians were stirred up again and war was in the air. He kept reminding her to keep her gun always ready. He had heard that Gray Locks was planning a raid.

Prudence thought she heard a commotion and a few moments later Joseph came bursting into the house. "Give me the gun, Prudence, the Indians are after the children." They both rushed out but all they could see was two little bodies lying on the ground. Joseph got to them first. A look of horror spread over his face. For a moment Prudence stood like one petrified; something seemed to be shutting off her breath, then she gasped, "What have they done to our children?" Joseph heard a choking sob then saw her drop to her knees and put a hand on each body. Prudence knew they were dead.

Presently Joseph lifted his wife to her feet, looked at her pale, agitated face and cursed the savages who had ambushed their sons. A moment later Prudence jerked away from his arms, looked about the meadow wildly and asked, "Where are Phineas and Isaac?"

They looked around frantically but there was no sign of them; only footprints leading into the deep forest. Were they kidnapped? Maybe they would kill them too. Prudence ran to Joseph's arms and all she could say was, "Joseph, Joseph, our babies!" Suddenly Joseph remembered the little new life beneath her heart and gathered her up in his arms and carried her into the house.

Neighbors gathered as they heard warning shots by Joseph. They made a more thorough search but they could not find the boys. The Indians were probably carrying them to Canada as they had so many others. Joseph knew there was nothing he could do but wait until a scout was sent to negotiate for their return. It would be worse than suicide for an inexperienced person to attempt to go after them.

As they were searching the woods for them, Phineas and little Isaac had been taken miles away. The Indians had prodded Phineas into a half run. Phineas had carried Isaac on his back as he had done many times before. He was both grieved and scared but he must not let Isaac

know how he felt. The child cried at first but finally quit and hung tightly to Phineas's neck. Phineas was thinking back to when he was playing happily with his brothers and how horror-stricken he felt as he saw five Indians come out of the timber and kill his two brothers. He grabbed a stick and ran to Isaac and stood over him protectingly. A look of both hate and fear came into his eyes as they advanced toward him. They grinned as they came near him. Perhaps they never intended to kill him or they may have admired his spunk. Suddenly he stood up straight and swung his little brother to his shoulders. With gestures he tried to make them understand that he would carry him on his back wherever they wanted to take them. It is said that he carried his little brother on his back all the way to Canada except when they went by boat. When they got to Montreal the Indians took Isaac to some squaws to be taken care of but Phineas was turned over to an Indian who accepted him as a son. They seemed to like the bright, active sixteen year old lad. He taught them methods of farming they did not know about and he acquired intimate knowledge about them that helped him in later life. He learned their language before the year was up. A year later they were rescued by a scout who was sent up for them. When Phineas grew up he was reputed to be the most expert hunter and scout of his time.

While Phineas was gone a baby boy was born to Prudence and Joseph. They named him Joseph after the little Joseph who was slain. Two years later Lucy was born and three years after that Mary, their last child, was born.

Joseph and his brother Simon and their families visited back and forth as often as distance and transportation would allow. It was always a gala day when Simon and his family came to Rutland. It had been five years since Simon's wife, Mary, had died.

This day January 21, 1732 was an unusually exciting one. There had been much preparation. Simon was to take unto himself a new wife, Mrs. Mary Martin, widow of Thomas Martin of Rutland. They were to have a small wedding at the church but the dinner was to be at Joseph's home. Prudence had kept the brick oven busy the last few days. A ham and large pots of beans had been baked. Delicious smelling bread and pies had been taken from the oven. A wild turkey was prepared and the

aroma of baked potatoes and cooking turkey was filling the air. There would be some special wine.

Phineas was eagerly waiting for his uncle and cousins to arrive. He and his cousin Elizabeth had always been such pals. He wondered why they always wanted to do the same things. He had taught her to shoot and ride horseback. He thought she was almost beautiful the last time he had seen her. He felt a little self-conscious then. She would be eighteen next month. He remembered her birthday because it was on St. Valentine's Day.

When they came Phineas thought she was prettier than he remembered. They were wrapped in furs and robes for it was a cold January day. He had always kissed her when they came and went. He still wanted to kiss her. He didn't know why he felt shy about it now. But Elizabeth wasn't shy, she ran to him and threw her arms around his neck. He was her older cousin and she liked him. He kissed her, not once but twice.

Joseph was a busy man. He cultivated his acres and made a good living for his family. He owned his own land; nobody could tell him what to do. They were getting more books to read. The family was growing up. He had held town offices and was a Deacon in the church. He and his brother Simon were among the original Proprietors of Barnet, Vermont in 1763. Six years later Joseph died.

3

CAPTAIN PHINEAS, HERO of BLOCKHOUSE NO. 4

Phineas was Herbert's great-great-great-grandfather. In the early days it was not unusual for cousins to marry; transportation was poor and the young folks could not meet so many of their own age, consequently there were not so many to choose from. However, there were attractive girls in Rutland but somehow none of them appealed to Phineas; instead he found himself dreaming of Elizabeth, his cousin. In the next two years their close companionship ripened into love. Elizabeth was twenty and Phineas, twenty-seven. On January 18, 1734 they were married at Rutland, Mass. and another pretty wedding was celebrated. They settled down in Rutland. Phineas did some farming; he was also an expert hunter and trapper, and he was often consulted on Indian affairs. He entered military service in 1744. Phineas was athletic, hardy and resolute; always ready to cultivate his land and take arms in its defense as well as protect his countrymen. It is said that "he was truly a martial husbandman."

A year after he entered military service he went to a newly incorporated township called Charlestown, situated in New Hampshire; in fact he was one of the three original proprietors, the other two being Lt. Ephraim Wetherbe and Stephen Farnsworth. They decided to build a fort because there had been trouble with the Indians. Also due to the strained relations between England and France they expected war with the French and Indians.

West of the Connecticut River there were no settlements in the territory now included in the state of Vermont with the exception of Ft. Dummer; and on the north there were none this side of the Canadian border. No.

4 was therefore the most advanced settlement, surrounded by deep forest on every side and was quite exposed to the enemy.

The sum of 300 pounds old Tenor was assessed against the properties. The fort was built under the direction of Col. John Stoddard of Northampton, Mass. He had superintended the building of the blockhouse at Ft. Dummer. The Charlestown blockhouse covered about three-forths of an acre of ground and was a square of about 180 feet on each side. The walls were made of large squared timbers laid horizontally one above the other and locked together at angles in the manner of a log cabin. Within the enclosure were buildings called province houses. They were occupied by Capt. Stevens, Capt. John Spafford, Lt. Moses Willard, Lt. Ephraim Wetherbe and John Hastings. The fort was stockaded on the north by timber about a foot in diameter placed in the ground endwise; these were not far from twelve feet high. The province houses were placed directly against the walls of the fort and so prepared on every side that they could be put in immediate state of defense should the enemy by any means gain admittance to the enclosure. When made of more than one story they were made to overhang those below, and in the over-hanging floors holes were made so that the defenders might fire down upon the enemy who undertook to break into the house or burn it. Many smaller blockhouses were built throughout the colonies and were in general use during the wars with the Indians.

In the meantime Phineas's and Elizabeth's family was being born. In 1735, July the Fourth hadn't any special meaning except to Phineas and Elizabeth. It was on this date their twin sons were born. They named them Samuel and Willard. They followed the usual pattern of those days and their children were "spaced" every two years. However, Mary and Phineas had the distinction of being born on even years (1742, 44) instead of the odd years of the other eight children. On the whole they were a sturdy family. All grew to manhood or womanhood except baby Dorothy. She lived to be three years old. Even the double dose of Stevens vigor and tenacity must have been reduced after nine children.

There had been attempted settlements in Charlestown as early as 1728 but after the Indians had carried off several families they abandoned the settlement.

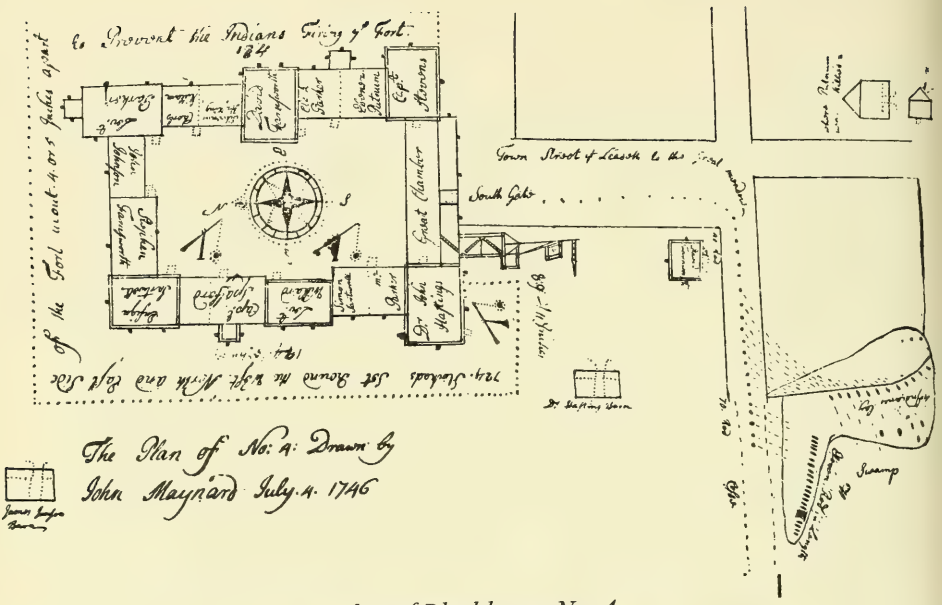
After the fort was completed Capt. Stevens was put in charge of it. Charlestown had been attacked ten times within two years by the French and Indians and they were getting tired of it. On the fifth of August Capt. Stevens, at the head of sixty men marched to the great meadows (now Putney) at which place he remained during the 6th and 7th to guard the public while they were reaping their crops. On the 8th he returned to No. 4 only to find the cattle, horses and most of the hogs of the settlers had been killed during his absence.

During the last of April 1747, Phineas and his gallant garrison of thirty men defended the Fort for four days from a band of four hundred Frenchmen and Indians. The attack lasted twenty-five hours without interruption. They were asked to surrender but Phineas refused to do so and the attack was resumed until the end of the second day. It was one of the most desperate sieges in the whole record of frontier warfare. Thirty New England frontiersmen withstood the attack of fifteen times their number. Only two of the Stevens men were slightly wounded, while a large number of Frenchmen and Indians were killed. In appreciation of his services Sir Charles Knowles presented Capt. Stevens with a beautifully carved silver hilted sword.

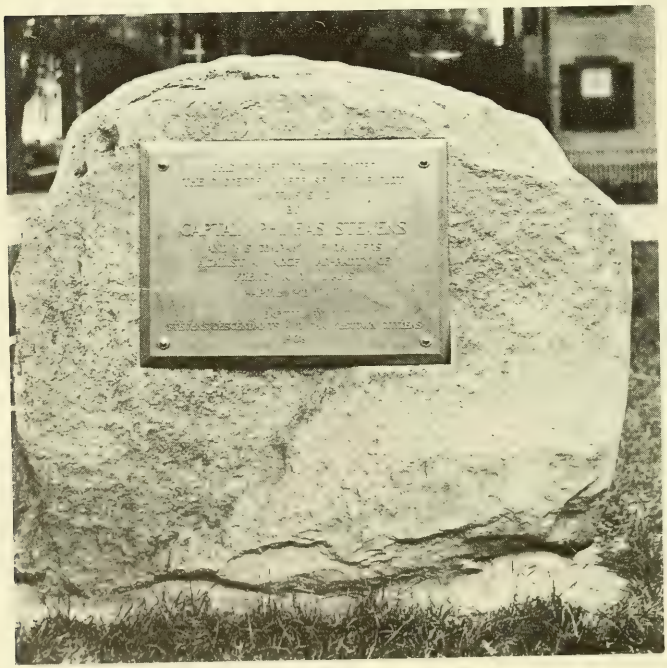
The Indians were defeated but they were not happy. They were spurred on by the French and they continued to annoy the settlers. They hadn't forgotten Capt. Stevens and when they had the chance they kidnapped his son Enos. They did not harm Enos and when they returned to Canada with the boy, he fell into the hands of friendly Indians, who knew his father when he had lived with them; they returned his son at once.

In the meantime more settlers were coming into Charlestown and Phineas was appointed moderator, by the Governor, for the first Town Meeting. He was elected first selectman and town treasurer. It is said that he was a man of self-acquired education, possessing deep penetration and intelligence. He was admirably fitted for the important public service in the performance of which he was instructed by the Governor.

Later he was sent to Canada to negotiate for the redemption of prisoners and in 1752 he was again sent to Canada on a similar expedition. A prominent man, John Stark (later Colonel John Stark) was among those redeemed. He and Amos Eastman had been captured by the Indians on Stinson's Pond.



Plan of Blockhouse No. 4



Monument to Captain Phineas Stevens

Phineas kept a Journal. This was his second Journal. Quoting from it:

I set out from number 4 for Canada. My son Samuel was with me (Samuel was 17). Lodged with Caleb Howe. Paid Howe two dollars for the hire of two horses. Lodging at Francis Taplos', cost one dollar. Went to Fort Mass. accompanied by Captain Mosses on the 6th. After making a present of one dollar to the soldiers we set out accompanied by Capt. Williamson til noon then took our leave of him and came to Albany. On. May 7th I consulted with some of the chief men on how to proceed on my journey to Canada. I hired an Indian to assist on the journey. I engaged Mr. Sander to provide all things necessary for my journey. Had to send to Skaneatelus, New York to buy a canoe for a suitable one was not to be had in Albany. Heard an exceedingly dry sermon on Sunday.

Two Indians came from Stockbridge to go with me. Heywood and Samuel and the two Indians were with me. On May 14th I hired Jacob Foot, a Dutchman, to carry our baggage in a wagon. The two Indians and I came up the swift water in the canoe. Made 24 miles that day. Mr. Wheelright came this morning on horseback from Albany. He came three miles with canoe and lodged at the foot of the falls. It rained at night. Col. Lydies joined Mr. Wheelright and met the canoe with five horses which assisted us in carrying our baggage. May the 7th we came to Lake St. Sacrament (Lake George) about noon with all our baggage. Col. Lydie and the two Indians turned back after he mended the canoe.

On May 19th we carried our baggage over the Carrying Place then embarked and came to a French settlement 3 miles south of Crown Point. Lodged in a French house. Wind and rain storm continued next day. Got to Crown Point at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The Commandant received us kindly with all things necessary for the journey. We set out early the next morning, came about 30 miles. We put into mouth of river on the west side of the lake at which place there was a fine pine plain. After we had refreshed ourselves we came twelve miles and lodged on an Island. May 24th wind blew up at the south, we

hoisted sail at daybreak. Wind continued in our favor until afternoon which brought us in sight of Ft. LaMotte. The wind turned to the N.W. we then took down our sails and rowed until four in the afternoon which brought us to the south of the Isle of La Motte, in sight of a number of French houses. We crossed the bay to a French house and lodged. A large batteau and a number of hands were made ready which brought us to Montreal, Canada.

We arrived at the Governor's place about ten in the forenoon. After he read our passports, letters etc., we returned to Madame Carols where we took up lodgings; then returned to the Governors' to dine. The next day we inquired where our prisoners were located. On June 1st we dined with the Governor and at night supped with an officer.

This day a schooner arrived from Quebec and we heard the news of a large army being sent to Jebu (now Halifax) and also heard of a mutiny had happened among the soldiers of Quebec. On June 2nd we heard news of the Indians killing and taking four of our people. Had further news of mischief being done to our people. Prisoners were being brought from Crown Point, by one of the chiefs mentioned.

On June 10th three men and a woman obtained a pass from the government and set out for New England and Pennsylvania. Was ill on the 12th and 13th.

On June 16th received repeated accounts of the Dureedweer Indians doing evil upon the French traders to the west and put the merchants of Montreal in consternation. When their trade was shut off their income was gone. Many people were employed in trade. June 19th I received a letter from the missionaries in St. Francis. A number of Indians came to town tonite. They said they had brought two scalps and two prisoners. Found they were Indian scalps. June 22 A number of Indian Chiefs from St. Francis came around and paid their respects.

June 23 Governor sent for me to appear before him at his council to receive a message from the St. Francis Indians. Indians sent a message to the Governor at Boston. Same day I gave my old Indian father a hat (probably the one who had taken him when he was kidnapped when he was 16). He was one of the chiefs mentioned.

On June 25th I heard a hint from one of the Indians that a belt of wampum was coming into this country from one of the six nations in

order for a treaty with some or all of the tribes of Indians here. July 1st. This day a number of women came to the Commissary for bread, and upon being refused, one of them took him by the throat. July 5th. Two prisoners were brought to town from St. Francis. Seth Webb and Amos Eastman. We bought them for 300 Livres each, and ten Livres each for charge for bringing them to Montreal. Mrs. Honor Hancock, a prisoner was also bought. Many St. Francis Indians came to town and brought with them some of our captive boys. Mr. Wheelright and I paid our respects to the Governor in the morning and in the afternoon I bought two guns for 65 Livres, 10 sous each. It was hot. July 12th Clouds of smoke are rising in all parts of the country — a surprising sight at this time of the year.

July 13th. Went before the Governor with Dutch girl taken in the War, named Elizabeth Cody and an English boy named Solomon Metchel, 12 years old. Taken about a year ago. Upon their refusal to go home the Governor would not give them up. The same day Stark (later Col. Stark) was brought to Montreal by his Indian master. He was taken while hunting this spring. We traded an Indian pony to the Indians for Stark (for which we paid 515 Livres) 14th Took leave of Governor and officers. July 15th we left Montreal for New England with our eight prisoners. An officer was sent with us to conduct us to the first English land. My old Indian master came in the canoe with me. A quarter part of St. Francis Indians had left their town for want of protection and are on the road to the Dutch settlement. July 23. The next morning I missed my sword which I left at the place where we first took up our packs. Sent two men back, they found it with the Indians.

Came to Albany on the 27th. Stayed in Albany at the request of the Indians who made a treaty with the Dutch traders. Aug. 1st I sent an express to Boston with the letter that came from Canada and four of the prisoners went down the country road to their homes. Aug. 2nd Lords Day. Went to meeting. After meeting came to Hinesdale Fort with my son and Joseph Fortner. The two New Hampshire men set off for home. August 4th. Came to No. 4 Found my family all well. My wheat was all reaped and my people finished reaping my oats. I lodged a proposition with the Governor and Council for the township No. 4.

August 18-23 I began to fall timber for my house. I sawed lumber for the clapboards. Sept. 28th I began to make a road at the south of my house lot and finished in a few days. Wright had a barrel of rum brought to the Fort. I bought a three acre lot of Joseph Wood.

In notes left by Bertha Stevens I find a description of a house built about this time and this may have been the house. A blockhouse of much importance in those days was located between the lower end of the village of Charlestown and the river, the sight now being marked by a large buttonwood tree which was set out just back of the house of Enos Stevens who remembered the house as his home when a boy (he was Phineas's son). It was a strong private residence, had a shingled roof. The upper story was designed as the living rooms as there were no windows in the first story. The frame was of oak and covered with white oak planks fastened with wooden pins. It was strong enough to withstand the hardest kind of assault of the French and Indians and was not attacked.

Phineas owned an old horse which has gone down in history. The horse was called "Old Scroggin." The Indians had been trying to get the horse for quite some time. They finally stole him. It is reported that they were so hungry at one time that they killed and ate him. And that was the end of "Old Scroggin."

Capt. Phineas's family was growing up. The twins, who were twenty years old, were the oldest. Samuel was already in military service and an officer in the old French War. Simon, Enos and Mary were older than Phineas, Jr. and Catherine, Prudence and Solomon were younger. Phineas, Jr. was showing signs of wanting to care for people. It was he who rubbed his mother's head when she had a headache and it was Phineas who bound up the wounds of his little brothers and sisters when they were hurt. He was growing up tall and slender.

The next few years passed rapidly and when Samuel was twenty-four he was sent to the Coos Intervales to meet Major Rogers on his return from St. Francis. Major Rogers and what was left of his party were returning from their famous assault on St. Francis where they killed and routed the Indians to such an extent that they never again were a men-

ace to the settlers. It was an unfortunate, despairing experience for those ragged, hungry men not to find provisions but a smoldering fire. There are many stories about this episode, many without foundation. Perhaps the following from the *Barnet History* is more accurate:

> Lieutenant Samuel Stevens, later a grantee of Barnet, had been sent up from Charlestown, with boats and abundant provisions, but when he came to the island designated, having remained a day or two, and hearing guns, supposing them to be fired by the Indians, hurried down the river leaving the unfortunate men to their fate. The truth seems to have been that Stevens and his men, finding no trace of anyone upon the island at the mouth of the Ammonoosuc, pushed on to the mouth of the Passumpsic. It would seem that Rogers' men were so overcome with hunger and despair that they did not know where they were and were never able to tell where they came out upon the river. It is certain that some of them found their way to the settlements on the Merrimack.

It is reported that Samuel was reprimanded for the way he handled the assignment but evidently they did not lose confidence in him for he was given positions of trust later including Colonel in the militia.

In 1760 he was employed by a land company to explore north from White river, and find the best land for settlement. He surveyed many townships including Barnet, Vermont.

Captain Phineas Stevens was sent to Nova Scotia in April 1755 on a mission and while there he contracted a fever and died at Chenecto on February 15, 1756. It has been said of him, "The frontier on the Connecticut River had no more able defender and Charlestown had no more trustworthy man."

Little Dorothy was born while her father was away. When Elizabeth received word of Phineas's passing, she hugged little Dorothy to her heart and sobbed, "Phineas will never see our baby." A sadness hung over the family circle, their father, who had meant so much to them, was gone never to return. Phineas, Jr. who revered his father was the one who seemed able to comfort his mother most. Elizabeth's visible mourning was short. Pioneer women would never have survived if they had

felt sorry for themselves. Elizabeth knew that her family depended on her and she must carry on.

Phineas, Jr. had made up his mind to be a doctor. He had noted that many of his mother's friends were dying at childbirth and so many babies died the first year. He thought something ought to be done about it. It has been said that mortality among women of childbearing age was so high that many a man buried four wives before the fifth buried him.

He studied with other doctors. In the larger cities he noticed all the doctors had their little shops and the more mysterious they looked, the more faith the people had in their effectiveness. He wanted to be a country doctor.

In 1773 Samuel Stevens wrote in his diary, "Stevens Rider returned from his journey to Plymouth with my horse. On the 26th in the evening I sold him 200 acres of land in Barnet, Vermont for two hundred dollars; one half in cash, the other in wheat, corn and pork to be paid in two years with interest." On April 16th he wrote, "The superior Court of this county set this week. I received a special commission to sit as one of the Justices of the Court."

The war clouds were hanging over the colonies. On June 20th Samuel wrote in his diary, "this day in Charlestown we received news of the Battle of Bunker Hill on the 17th." News filtered in to them that soldiers on both sides fought with unparalleled courage and desperation. There were three successive waves of scarlet-coated British soldiers. "Old Put" on his horse. The cold fury of Prescott who said, "Do not shoot until you see the whites of their eyes." General Howe, himself, leading his men, keeping his promise that he would not ask them to go one step further than he, himself, was ready to go. The tears in his eyes when he saw his soldiers mowed down like grass.

As long as the American ammunition held out they were supreme. Before the ammunition had entirely failed the kegs of powder which Paul Revere had brought from Portsmouth began to arrive by oxcart driven by old John Dermwith. It was the powder that enabled the rebels to hold out to the very last and make an orderly retreat.

Americans and British, who had been friends, smiled at each other one minute and the next they were dead.

Such slaughter had never been known in British history. Almost a third of their men were dead. They realized the folly of their frontal attack and never again behaved with such arrogance. The British remained in possession of Charlestown but they could not claim victory, their losses were so great.

The country was divided in its allegiance. In Boston Samuel Adams was repeating, "taxation without representation is tyranny," and it was echoed by John Adams. Even as early as 1750, Reverend Jonathan Mayhew* was suggesting cutting off the heads of kings, if necessary, and chiding his hearers about their complacency at arbitrary rule. Young Paul Revere was listening to him with approval. Paul's father whipped the boy for going to hear Reverend Mayhew at the West Street Church in Boston. It is reported that at the beginning of the Revolution, Bostonians were about equally divided in their allegiance to the British Crown and the Rebel cause.

Many approved of the Boston Tea Party but it is said that Benjamin Franklin, considered one of the most level-headed of his time, was shocked when he heard about it and insisted that the colonists pay for the tea. Some thought that if the radicals and hotheads could be quieted down the differences between England and the Colonies could be settled peacefully.

The Stevens family were no less confused. They were only a few generations away from the royal family. They had always had a king. The glamour, ceremony and pageantry was a part of the lives of their ancestors.

On Dec. 3rd. Samuel wrote, "I met a company of Minute Men at Daniel Chases and commissioned their officers." And on the 15th he wrote, "Solomon Stevens went off with Farwell to join the army at Cambridge." Samuel cast his lot with the rebel cause.

Willard had married Olive Willard and they and their four children had moved to Barnet. Seemingly they didn't take sides in the fighting. Simon had been an officer in the French and Indian War. He also had been in Ranger service and was Lieutenant of the company commanded by Col. Stark. But he decided to join the British service during the Rev-

*General Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright of World War II fame was a descendant of Rev. Mayhew.

olutionary War. Enos had been appointed Lieutenant in the army the year his father died. On May 22 he wrote the following in his diary, "Set out for New York. Left all for the sake of my King and my country." History says this about him, "Although Enos Stevens served the Crown loyally to the last he became a whole hearted American citizen and his sons and daughters and their descendants have rendered invaluable service to Vermont and America."

The Loyalists were not a party of negation and obstruction. They differed from the Whigs in method, process and scope of reform and degree but they did not uphold the English colonial system in all its features; nor did they sanction her unwise policy in dealing with the colonists. Their method was to act through legally organized bodies in ways provided by the constitution.

In 1782 Enos was commissioned to go to Nova Scotia to take charge of the provisions, arms and ammunition for the use of the refugees. He bought land and settled near Digby, Nova Scotia, remaining there until 1785 when he returned to Charlestown, New Hampshire. He expected his home to be confiscated but it wasn't.

To quote from his journal of January 1787, "Am fixing to go to Barnet. Have put up seven bushels of salt I had of Mr. West. Set out for Barnet with a sleigh I bought of Dr. Hastings for 20 pounds, sleigh and harness. Got to Barnet with my load. Found all well and it is very cold." On the 14th he noted, "Meeting house was raised today." On November, 22nd he wrote "Finished framing my grist mill and began to raise it in the afternoon and began to saw timber for the floor. "On the eighth," he continued, "I covered the roof of the mill and three sides. Silas Chamberlain brought up the millstones with 8 oxen." On the 17th of May, "raised my new barn, got it up well." April 1788 he attended a meeting that has made Vermont famous in democratic proceedings — the Town meeting at John McClarens's. He added, "I have six men and oxen logging."

He became by purchase the largest proprietor of land in Barnet. It is said he gave away many lots (which included many acres) to get people to settle in Barnet.

In March 1791 he married Sophia Grout, daughter of Elijah and

The Sheaves

Mary Grout and a sister of great-great grandmother Katherine Grout Cushman. He built the house above Mill Hill on what is now Main Street and it was called The Sheaves. It became a famous inn.

There were islands in the river that seemed to belong to no one. George Amidon, Vermont State Treasurer, remembers these islands as a boy. He recalls, "I helped to take off the hay on these islands; it was quite an experience in mowing the hay, since it was necessary to drive through a piece of the Connecticut River." On old maps they are called Stevens Islands.

In 1769 Colonel Hurd of Haverhill, Massachusetts petitioned the General Court of New Hampshire for these islands and received them. During the Revolutionary War Colonel Hurd moved to Boston and in 1784 John Hyndman, who lived in Rygate several years, took possession of one of these islands and began to clear it for his own use and erected a house on it.

Col. Hurd learning of this brought suit for his ejection. The controversy was settled by Enos Stevens, who bought out Hurd's title and paid Hyndman for the house he had built. Enos kept a boat for his own use between the island and the mainland on each side of the river and at the same time he obtained rights to operate a ferry between the towns of Barnet and Monroe. This ferry, called Stevens's Ferry, was conducted by him and his successors until the bridge was built between these two towns. There were two boats kept at this ferry, one for foot passengers and a larger one for loaded wagons and carts.

Enos was an innkeeper, farmer and millowner. He held several town offices and was Town Representative in 1795, 1796 and 1807. He died June 7, 1808 and was buried in the Stevens Cemetery.

4

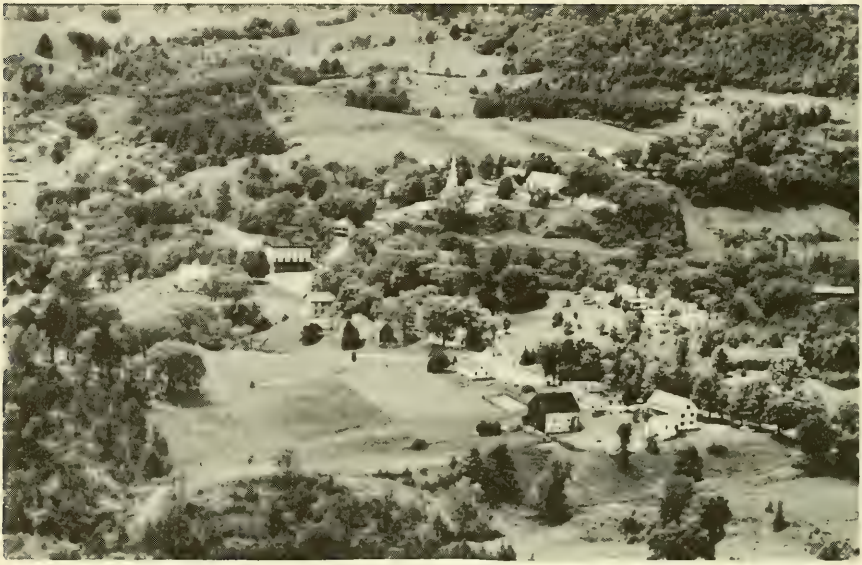
STEVENS VILLAGE — BARNET, VERMONT

According to history, "A certain parcel of land, some thwenty-five thousand acres of wilderness, upon the Connecticut river, in the New Hampshire grants was constituted a township, which took its place henceforth among the commonwealths of New England. On September 16, 1763 in the reighn of George the Third, King of Great Britain, Benning Wentworth, Governor of the Province of New Hampshire affixed his signiture to the charter of the town of Barnet."

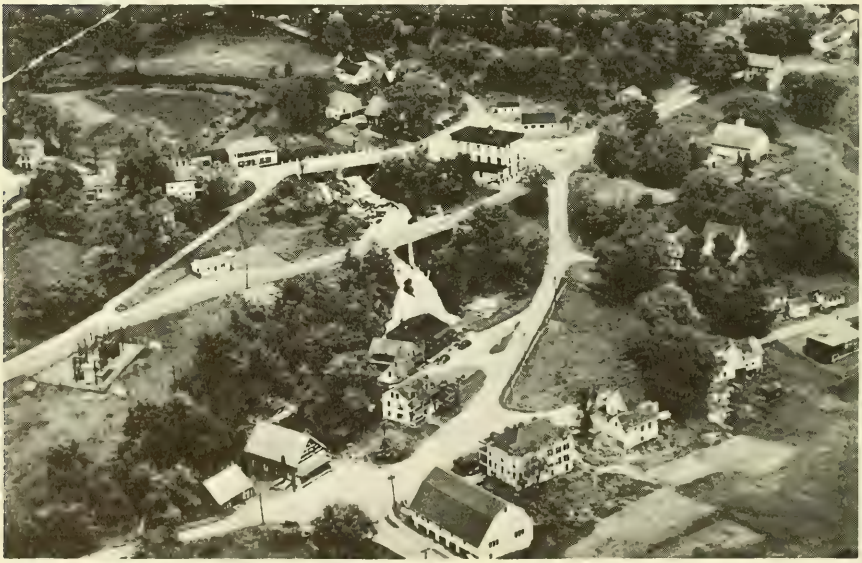
The Barnet of today was once known as Stevens Village. It is thought the Stevens family there changed Stevens Village to Barnet after the Barnet, England where some of the Stevenses once resided. The English Barnet is a beautiful, historic town in Hertfordshire, not far from London. It is built on the sight of a Roman encampment. The chief event of its history was the Battle of the Roses fought there in 1471 between the York and Lancaster factions. John Stevens, Esq., member of Parliament for Bristol, was an active participant in the Wars of the Roses. The English Barnet is commemorated by both Shakespeare and Dickens and it was, in its time, the residence of Richard Baxter and David Livingstone.

Barnet, Vermont, is still a picturesque, little village nestling among the hills. The "great river," the Connecticut, still winds its way along its eastern border. And the white spires of its churches still pierce the blue New England skies. From Barnet there are vistas of hills and mountain peaks that reach as far to the north as the Canadian border.

The subtle charm of Barnet attracts those who wish to contemplate life unhurriedly. It has changed. There are no stealthy Indians running



Barnet, Vermont-above Mill Hill



Barnet, Vermont-below Mill Hill

along its wooded paths.* There is no buzz and screech of logs as they are being run through the saws. No large herds of cattle are being driven to market; the shouts of the drovers and the lowing of cattle are sounds that have faded with the years. The oxteams are only a memory. Most of the stage coaches are in museums.

Great-great-grandfather, Dr. Phineas Stevens, who jumped on his horse, put his satchel in his saddlebags and plowed his way through the snow up Mill Hill and along winding rocky paths to the bedside of a feverish child would be astonished to see paved roads, modern removal of snow and the modern bridges that span the Falls. Even Benjamin Franklin Stevens, who was born three generations later, could hardly believe the little Stevens River was providing power to light the streets of Barnet. He imagined that boys and girls were going into the woods gathering trailing arbutus by electric light.

The tempo may have changed but business is being carried on and the Barnet folks are still gathering at the white steepled church and enjoying church suppers. Democracy is being practiced at town meetings. The Barnet of today has settled down peacefully as though it had gone through the hustle and bustle of life and was content to rest on its laurels.

Though the Stevens family did much in the early settlement of Barnet, Barnet wasn't even a dot on the map when they first came to America. In fact there wasn't even a Vermont and quite likely there wasn't even a map to put a dot on.

When Barnet was chartered it was an unbroken wilderness, covered with dense woods and undisturbed growth of centuries. The only open places where the sun shone through were the streams and ponds. Through these forests the Indians wandered in pursuit of game, or fished in its brooks and streams. There never was, as far as it can be learned, any permanent settlement of Indians in Barnet. Small bands of Albenaquis Indians came down the river in birch bark canoes in summer. Men, women and children built wigwams in true Indian fashion. Barnet was watered by streams coming from great masses of hills surrounding it. Stevens River, coming from Harvey's Pond, flows through

* Frank and Charlotte Thompson of Walla Walla have gone back to Barnet every summer for fifty years. Frank, son of Dr. Thompson, died several years ago. Charlotte is still enjoying her summer home there each year.

the center of the Village southeasterly and empties into the Connecticut River. About half a mile from its mouth it falls eighty feet in a short distance and in high water it comes foaming and gushing through the Village in an awe-inspiring manner.

In the early days there were animals that roamed the forest; bears, wolves as well as mink and beaver. The rivers swarmed with fish. There were some birds of prey and aquatic fowl, and it is reported that strange cries disturbed the silence of the night.

Trees, whose bulk and height were the growth of centuries, towered above the smaller growth. It is said that pines, cut upon the plains where Dartmouth College now stands, measured three hundred feet to the top branches. The fall of one of these monarchs of the forest at night was an unforgettable sound.

Roy and Harvey mountain peaks stand on each side of Harvey's Pond. They were named in honor of two prominent early settlers there. Indian Joe, last of the Coosucks, a noted and faithful scout of the Revolutionary War, was honored by having a pond named for him. By the terms of the Barnet charter the town was granted the privilege of holding fairs and markets. Each grantee must cultivate within five years, five acres of each fifty acres which he possessed under penalty of forfeiture. All white pine was reserved for the royal navy. After 1773 each proprietor was to pay one shilling annually Proclamation money for each hundred acres.

There were eleven members of the Stevens family among the original Proprietors of Barnet. Aside from the Stevenses and their brother-in-law, Elijah King, none of the others became settlers there. In 1773 Samuel Stevens and his brother Solomon and others surveyed Barnet Township. In order to get a legal claim to the land it was usual for a certain number of men to form an association and petition the Governor for a grant of a township.

The town of Barnet is composed of six villages and was laid out similar to an English parish. As these little settlements were separated in distance they developed into separate villages, and to one who is not used to the layout it is surprising to find not only Barnet but Barnet Center, East Barnet and West Barnet, also McIndoe Falls and Passumpsic all in the town of Barnet.

Before the French and Indian war, only a part of New Hampshire and almost none of Vermont had been settled and when the fighting was over the country was open to settlement and there was a great demand for land. Men with money and speculators were eager to purchase land.

After the grants had passed under the control of New York, trouble arose. The grantees of Barnet and other towns took out new charters with the same privileges as those granted by Governor Wentworth. It would seem that the people were not sure where they did live as the following preamble to a deed on record in Barnet would signify:

> Know all men by these presents that I, Amos Kimbell, of a place called Barnet within a district of country by the name of New Hampshire Grants on the westerly side of the Connecticut river, alias, in the county of Glouchester and state of New York.

For a number of years after the granting of the charter, history is almost silent regarding what went on in Barnet, but without doubt people came and went. According to the diary of Samuel Stevens for April 30th, 1774, "Willard and Solomon Stevens set out for Barnet last Monday and Tuesday, with teams and men to survey and improve lands in that township."

5

PHINEAS, JR. — A DOCTOR IN THE FAMILY

Phineas Stevens, Jr. was Herbert's great-great-grandfather. He had become a doctor before the Revolutionary War. He, too, had to make up his mind which cause to serve. A sense of law and respect for it is one of the deep-rooted traits of the Englishman. There was, even yet, much genuine affection for England, still called "home"; and "at least a third of them," to quote John Adams, "were opposed to separating from her."

Only preceding the Civil War was there ever so much searching of heart as to where one's loyalty was due. America was a house divided against itself. A national sentiment had to be developed. After much thought, Dr. Phineas Stevens, as several of his brothers, had cast his lot with the British.

It was not the risk of death in rare encounters with the enemy that called for courage but in those seven years of war it was anxiety for the family left behind and the hardship of camp life, in which so much was lacking, that was hard to endure.

The most important engagement in which Dr. Phineas served was the Long Island campaign under General Howe. History records that on August 1, 1776 the army of Washington in New York did not exceed 20,000 men and one-fifth of them were sick and many more were on detached duty. They were soon reinforced by 7,000 of the militia. But they were poorly equipped, with very little discipline, and it is said that in the New England troop, especially, there was so much democratic freedom that there was little subordination. On the whole it presented a very unpromising force with which to oppose the British.

Divining the purpose of the British, Washington sent a considerable force under General Greene to Long Island. General Greene became ill and the command was turned over to General Sullivan. There were narrow roads through the thickly wooded hills extending from the Narrows to Jamaica and another one near the shore from the Narrows to Brooklyn. These roads were imperfectly guarded by Sullivan. On August 22 the British commenced crossing to Long Island. By noon 15,000 men had landed near where Fort Hamilton now stands, with 40 pieces of artillery.

Washington hurried over the reinforcements and did his best to inspire them to courage but it was clear that the morale of the troops was low.

The British troops under Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis and German General de Heister were a thoroughly disciplined army. The Americans were so outnumbered and outmaneuvered that, after severe hand to hand fighting, Sullivan ordered his men to shift for themselves. Some fought through the attacking lines, some fled to the woods and some were made prisoners.

General Lord Stirling and his troops were the only unbroken body of American troops in the field and they fought with spirit for four hours after which he ordered a retreat. No longer able to resist, Stirling and his men were made prisoners. The loss of the Americans is said not to have exceeded 1000, of whom one half were made prisoners. Howe did not follow up his advantage but allowed the American troops on Long Island to retreat to New York. He was to regret this mistake.

Dr. Phineas and other doctors and surgeons, with instruments and bandages, came along to dress the wounded, stop the flow of blood, reduce fractured bones and apply proper dressings. There was much dysentery and diarrhea, also typhoid and smallpox. Typhus was the greatest scourge. Several hundred sick and wounded were taken from Long Island in a heavy rain to hospitals and makeshift establishments. Conditions in New York City soon became unhealthful. Violent and putrid fevers of the soldiers spread to the inhabitants. New York was full of mourning. The summer air was hot. Dr. Phineas himself became ill of fever. His brothers in New York visited him.

The British soldiers as well as the Germans had a special advantage; they were old and seasoned veterans who had passed through and sur-

vived the danger of infection. They had built up immunity. Twice during his service Dr. Stevens came down with fever and had to be taken to the hospital.

After the defeat of the British Dr. Phineas Stevens joined his brother in Nova Scotia, practicing among the inhabitants there. He married Mary Woodward after the war. In 1788 he came to Barnet, Vermont where numerous Stevens families had located. Dr. Phineas Stevens was Barnet's first physician. He and his wife and two children moved into a log house and he started his practice again.

While neighbors had fought on opposite sides in the war, when it was all over all differences were forgotten. There didn't seem to be any enmity in the community. Most of them seemed to think that each individual did what he thought was right at the time. There was much heroism on both sides — and there was much suffering.

The snow was piled high and the wind had started to blow the top snow in drifts; it was bitter cold. Dr. Phineas had just told Mary that he hoped he would not have to go out in the storm when he heard someone pounding on the door.

"Come in, Tom Walden, what are you doing out in this storm?" His neighbor who lived up the trail several miles stumbled into the kitchen and sat down on the first chair he could get to and gasped for breath, "Doc, you've got to come up and see my boy. I'm afraid he is going to die."

"What seems to be the matter, Tom? Has he been sick long?"

"He has been coughing quite a long time and now he has a fever. I'm afraid he is going to die."

Mary stirred up the fire in the fireplace.

"Come over here and get warm, Tom. You look almost frozen," she invited. He moved over with difficulty.

"See here, Tom. You sit there until you get thoroughly warm and rested. Mary, where are those bags of hops?" Phineas started putting on heavy outer garments made of leather. He put on leggings and bound up his feet. He got his white horse out of the barn and put his satchel in the saddlebags and was off. He could see faint tracks made by Tom but the snow was almost up to the horse's body. He hoped he could still

get up Mill Hill. The horse, like the rider, was used to wading and plowing through the snow. Tall trees were on each side of the trail. It was never very light along the trails and now it was almost dark.

Dr. Phineas knew the way. He prayed silently as he rode along. "Don't let the boy die, God," he said aloud as he went toward the house. Billy was flushed and restless. Dr. Phineas looked at him anxiously and examined him carefully.

"The cold has gotten down on his lungs, Sarah; heat up a kettle of water as fast as you can, the big iron one. I brought along this wire rack I made and have used on many occasions. We have got to heat up these bags of hops by steaming them above the water. Have you wood, Sarah?"

"Oh, yes Doctor. Thank God, we have plenty of wood, but he keeps throwing off the covers."

"Yes, he feels hot but we have got to keep him warm, especially when we heat up his lungs with these bags of hops. Get me a wool blanket, Sarah, and a small one to wrap the hops in."

Dr. Phineas sat by the bedside for hours, slipping the hot bags under the blanket and on top of the small blanket so that it wouldn't burn Billy's chest. He kept feeling his pulse to see if it was affecting his heart. Tom came back presently and anxiously inquired about his son.

"Tom, we don't know yet, we will have to keep putting on these hot bags until we break the congestion. I won't leave him, Tom, this is our only hope."

Hour after hour Sarah kept bringing the hot bags to Dr. Phineas and he slipped them carefully on the boy's chest. Toward midnight the boy seemed to quiet down. Dr. Phineas kept feeling his pulse. This would be the crisis. Presently he put his hand on Billy's forehead. It felt moist. Then he noticed beads of perspiration were coming out on his upper lip. He would live.

"Tom and Sarah, your boy is better. He will live." Sarah cried silently in her husband's arms.

"He will live, Sarah." Tom whispered huskily.

"He will soon break out into a heavy sweat. Then you will have to be especially careful to keep him warm and as dry as possible. Then he

will start spitting up mucus. You must see that he brings it all up off of his lungs," instructed Dr. Phineas.

Dr. Phineas made preparations to leave. "You are not going to leave, Doctor? It won't be light for quite awhile," questioned Sarah.

"Give me a cup of tea, Sarah, then I will go. Old Barney knows the way home. Mary will worry and I am afraid the snow will get deeper."

Dr. Phineas riding his white horse was a familiar sight in Barnet and vicinity. There were many babies being born into the world and Barnet had its share. Dr. Phineas had a chance to use his skill in bringing both the mother and baby through. He was proud of his record.

The churches and schools played an important part in the lives of the Stevenses as well as the other inhabitants of Barnet. The first meeting-house was a frame building, raised on the 14th of January, 1787. It stood near the present site of the church at Barnet Center. This place has been made sacred for worship for nearly two hundred years.

There was no mail service until after the Revolutionary War. There was no public conveyance for passengers. Letters were delivered by private persons and letters from abroad were carried by those who came to America. John Balch was the pioneer mail carrier in this part of New England. The first mail route in Vermont was established by the Legislature in 1783 from Albany to Bennington. Balch made the round trip once in two weeks. He received two pence a mile, hard money, for his services. In 1795 the Federal government took over the mail service and established the first post office in that part of the Connecticut Valley. The post rider was the forerunner of the rural delivery service. The first mail route through Barnet was established in 1808. Henry Stevens, Enos's son, was the fourth postmaster in Barnet.

Before the stages were brought into use people traveled mostly by horseback, and taverns kept saddle horses to let. The traveler going to Boston could, if his business was urgent, ride to a tavern on the road, leave his horse and take a fresh one, repeating the performance all day, and then he could return the same way and pick up his own horse where he had left it.

Our forefathers called the Connecticut River "the great river" and it was great to them. It was almost their only mode of transportation for

many years. They had to get their produce to market. The broad expanse of the river was an open highway for many miles except where there were falls and rapids; around these all goods must be transported, by taking the products off of the river and carrying them down the river until they were below the falls. In the winter the river was frozen hard and presented a smooth highway. Many people came into this part of the country that way, even making the trip by ox team.

Dr. Phineas was happy to be in their new home and to be settled down. After the war, with its sickness, cruelty and suffering, it was deeply satisfying to be with his beloved Mary and the children. He had been in Canada for seven years. He had helped to care for the refugees there. It was good to be with his brothers and their families again. He was grateful that the people of Barnet held no grudges against him for his Loyalist sympathies. He knew that he was needed. It had been more than a year since they had come to Barnet and now they were expecting their third child.

Mary had heated up the brick oven and a delicious aroma of baking food greeted him as he came into the house. He looked at Mary's flushed face and felt a little concern.

"You are not overdoing are you, Mary? You know our baby is due before long."

Mary smiled. "I'm well aware of it, Phineas, but you know we have to eat. I'll be all right." All at once she felt awfully tired. It was good to lean back against Phineas as they sat on the settle. His arms were conforting.

Twelve hours later on July 10, 1789 their son was born. What would they name the baby? It didn't take them long to settle on Solomon, after the brother who had been staying with them so much lately and who was teaching school in their old log house.

People were coming into the Connecticut Valley in large numbers. It took strength and courage to tame the wilderness of that day. In Barnet, thousands of cords of wood and valuable timber had to be burned to get it out of the way so that the planting of grain and other crops could proceed. It is said that grain was sown and covered by hand, and corn and potatoes were planted among the stumps. Great stalks of grain bore

heavy heads of wheat. Potatoes and other vegetables grew to enormous size because of the virgin soil.

Tools used by the first farmers were heavy and clumsy and were made by a local blacksmith. The first harrows were made from crotches of small and hard birch trees in which teeth were inserted. They were used to work around the stumps. In time better machinery was built and they had better ways of doing things, but they were still lacking in many things.

The census of 1790 revealed there were 74 families in Barnet, the whole number of inhabitants being 560 persons. The village had been settled for approximately twenty years.

The first sawmill was built at the foot of the falls in 1771. These sawmills were a great industry and did much to develop Barnet and other towns. The *Barnet History* has this to say about the early mills:

> There was a picturesqueness about these ancient mills which is wholly absent from their successors. The rush and splashing of the water was attractive; the rigorous thrust of the saw and its peculiar clatter as it tore and gnawed its way through the log was a sound that could be heard a long ways and could be mistaken for no other. The mill was usually in a glen, amid trees and the surroundings had a homely charm which was all their own and left a memory over which one delights to linger.

So many trees surrounded the Stevens Falls in the early days that even in daytime it was dark and the fall and rush of so much water over the boulders and rocks was a beautiful and awesome sight.

The manufacture of pot and pearl ashes, commonly called salts, was extensive in Barnet in the early days. President Dwight of Yale, who visited that region in 1795 has this to say about the making of potash, "In almost every new settlement one of the first attempts is to erect works for pot and pearl ash making, and there are probably as many works of this kind as there are towns in the state. It has hitherto taken from 450 to 480 bushels of ashes to make one ton of potash. In 1791 the quantity made in Vermont was estimated at 1,000 tons."

When the land was burned over the ashes were gathered and taken to the "potash." There are places in Barnet which look like old cellar holes, which are said to be where they used to make salts. The records of a

Graves of Dr. Phineas and Mary (Woodward) Stevens

boating company between Wells River and Hartford in 1810 show that much of the downward freight was pot and pearl ashes and doubtless much of it came from Barnet.

The making of charcoal was also a business that employed quite a few Barnet people. It required considerable skill and experience.

Willard Stevens the first Stevens to settle in Barnet built a store in 1800. In 1849 this building was bought by Bradbury Wallace who opened a tin and hardware shop. It was the only shop of its kind between Wells River and St. Johnsbury. Handmade tinware was turned out in large quantities and it is reported that two peddlers' carts were kept busy on the road selling these wares. His son John S. T. Wallace was associated with him for many years. The building and business was in the Wallace family for sixty-five years.

For many years the covered bridge attracted much interest but finally utility prevailed over sentiment and it was replaced by a modern one.

Even then smallpox and other epidemics and fevers were prevalent and Dr. Phineas was much in demand. He never spared himself even though he had never quite recovered from his illness during the war. On May 16th, 1799 he came home looking pale and weary. Mary looked anxiously at him, "Phineas, you must come and lie down. You are sick."

He slumped down on the bed, gave a gasp and was gone.

They buried him in the Stevens Cemetery. A great many people came for the last rites. Barnet neighbors walked slowly down the hill. How could they get along without him, they were asking themselves?

Mary gathered her family about her. She held one year old Mary close to her heart. Little Solomon, ten, was trying to hold Prudence who was not much more than a baby. She looked frightened. Phineas, Jr. and Sarah in their early teens drew up their chairs close beside their mother.

"Papa has been taken from us," Mary kept trying to swallow the lump in her throat, she must not break down again. "It must have been — it was God's will," she finished strongly. "Some of you are getting big and I know you will help me raise the little ones and do the things your father would want you to do," she finished lamely. Solomon almost dumped

Prudence off of his lap as he rushed to his mother and threw his arms around her neck.

"I'll help you mama. I'm a big boy now. I'll . . . "he started to say, then he looked around and saw his crying little sister, "I'll take care of Prudence."

6

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S FIRST PRESIDENT

Henry Stevens was the second son of Enos and Sophia Stevens. He and his youngest sister, Sophia, were the two who were best known in Barnet where he was born. He was born at The Sheaves on December 13, 1791. He attended Peacham Academy for a short time, leaving at the age of twelve.

Only seventeen at the time of his father's death, Henry helped his mother carry on the business of the inn until he was old enough to take over the business himself. When he was twenty-four he married Candace Salter of Bath, New Hampshire. Henry was a great reader with a passion for antiquarian study. He was sturdy, practical and a hard working man and was ready to turn his hand at anything that meant progress for his state and town. Besides being an innkeeper and mill-owner he also farmed and was president of several agricultural associations and president of the Barnet Fair. He was town Representative for the years 1826-27. But perhaps he was best known for his efforts in helping to establish the Vermont Historical Society.

The Vermont Historical Society had its origin in Barnet. Henry was tireless in his efforts for many years in researches into the early history of the state and had collected every book and pamphlet which he could secure relating to it. In the *Democratic-Republican* of Haverhill in 1838 it was stated that Mr. Stevens had collected 240 bound volumes of newspapers and as many unbound ones, 1,000 pamphlets and a great number of manuscripts. He had become recognized as the chief authority regarding the early history of Vermont and he issued through the press of the state a call for all interested in forming an historical society to meet at Montpelier.

The Vermont Historical and Antiquarian Society was incorporated by the General Assembly in November, 1838. Henry Stevens of Barnet and Oramel H. Smith, Daniel P. Thompson and George Mansur of Montpelier were the original members. They were allowed to acquire real and personal estate which might not exceed $2,000, in any one year as income. By the same act, the library, cabinets and other movable property of the society were to be kept in the town of Barnet, in Caledonia County. In 1857 the legislature sanctioned the removal of the society and its collection to Montpelier, directing that the library and cabinets might be kept in an unoccupied upper room at the State House, the state to be at no expense in behalf of the society. This was the humble beginning of the Vermont Historical Society, which in 1859 adopted its present name. Henry Stevens was elected the society's first president.

He left The Sheaves in care of Phineas Stevens and moved to Burlington, Vermont. After a few years, however, the pull of family ties and the old home town brought Henry and family back to Barnet. His correspondence was extensive throughout his life. He knew how important transportation was to the development of Vermont. The "Good Roads Movement" is not a modern idea but Vermont people of that day knew they had to get along with what they could do themselves. Henry helped to establish both stage lines and railroads.

Woolen mills were also extensive in that part of New England and in 1825 the General Assembly granted a charter to Henry Stevens, Willard Stevens and Samuel Gleason, their associates and successors to build and operate mills at Stevens Village for the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods. The title of the mills was The Barnet Cotton and Woolen Manufacturing Company and the capital stock was forty thousand dollars. There were four mills in Barnet at one time and they all did a good business.

The following was written by his son, Henry, Jr.

> Leaving the Academy at the age of twelve with only a taste for books, and as he expressed it, graduating at Natures University he became a selfmade man . . . He sought only to provide for his children with education leaving them to hoe their own rows. He was a farmer, inn keeper, a mill owner, a landlord and a Squire by courtesy of Stevens

Village . . . an antiquarian and book collector his house was the resort of the intelligent. He left his house full of books and historical manuscripts, the delight of his youth the companion of his manhood and the solace of his old age.

One of the best known men in Vermont in his time, Henry Stevens died July 30th, 1867. His wife Candace was born in 1792 and died in 1874. It has been said that all the children of Henry and Candace received a college education and they were very proud of them. Henry, Jr. who was born Aug. 24, 1819, attended the Peacham Academy, Newbury Seminary and Middlebury College before he entered Yale College from which he graduated in 1843. A year later he graduated from Cambridge Law school. He inherited from his father a love for books and historical research. He went to London in 1845 and established himself as agent for the British Museum for the purchase of American books. He was also purchasing agent for the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institution and other public and private libraries. He wrote or prepared thirty-four books. Among these is a description of nearly one thousand representative Bibles in the Caxton exhibition, from the first bible printed by Gutenberg in 1450 to the last printed at the Oxford University Press in 1877. Several of the works reprinted and annotated by him are in the Spanish language. Much of his work was in preparing catalogues of books on America.

He always retained his love of his native Green Mountain State and often signed his name, Henry Stevens G.M.B (Green Mountain Boy). Three generations of Henry Stevenses descended from this Vermonter and they have continued the antiquarian book business under the name Henry Stevens, Son and Stiles. They also have a branch bookstore in Larchmont, New York.

George born June 8, 1821 graduated from West Point and was a member of 2nd Dragoons, U. S. Army. He drowned while crossing the Rio Grande River with General Taylor's advanced guard. He was buried at St. Brown, Texas.

Simon was born Sept. 22, 1825 and educated at Peacham Academy. He went to Pennsylvania and studied law in the office of the Hon. Thad-

deus Stevens at Lancaster; he was admitted to the bar in 1844 in Pennsylvania and later to the bar in Maryland and Virginia, and to the U. S. Supreme Court; also to the Queen's Bench in Canada. He lived and practiced law in Washington, D. C. for ten years. He was a member of the New York Historical Society and the New England Historic Genealogical Society. He was affiliated with his brother Henry for two years. He was an intimate friend of Horace Greeley. He married Mrs. Caroline Leland Chubb, a widow with two sons. He was the father of three children, George Thaddeus, Caroline Leland, and Mary Cordelia. He died in 1894.

Sophia Candace was born Aug. 18, 1827. She married first, Stephen Washington Hitchcock, a graduate of the University of Vermont. He died a year after their marriage. For some time in the fifties, Sophia was a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* from Paris and Rome under the name of "An American Women Abroad." She did much literary and art work for newspapers and magazines. While abroad she met and married the noted artist, William Page. He painted the portraits of Gov. Wm. L. Marcey for the New York City Hall and that of John Quincy Adams for Faneuil Hall. Other portraits he painted included Robert Browning and his wife, Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, James Russell Lowell, General Grant and Charles Sumner. In Boston Sophia and her husband were intimate with the brilliant literary society which included Emerson, Longfellow and Story. A complete edition of Lowell's poems was dedicated to William Page. It is reported that the Hilda of Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* was no other than Sophia. They were both buried at New Dorp, Staten Island. Their children included William Stevens, James Lowell, Sophia Stevens and Geo. Stevens.

Perhaps the most beloved of Henry and Candace Stevenses children was Benjamin Franklin. He was born Feb. 18, 1833. He attended Peacham Academy, Newbury Seminary and the University of Vermont. He left college after three years and entered the Astor Library in New York City spending much time in Boston and Washington collecting books for his brother Henry in London. In 1860 he went to London and associated himself with his brother in the purchase and collection of

American books. He became prominently known throughout Europe as An American Despatch Agent for the State Department and purchaser of rare books for American libraries. He was a member of many learned societies in Europe and America. With a corps of trained assistants he was engaged thirty years in making a manuscript chronology and alphabetical catalogue of American papers in the archives of England, France, Holland and Spain. He also published facsimiles of 2,107 important manuscripts in Europe on subjects relating to the American Revolution. These consist of 25 volumes of which only 200 copies were printed. One set was donated by him to the Vermont University Library.

His correspondence was extensive and every prominent American visiting London called to pay his respects to Mr. Stevens. A note of introduction from him received admission to the most exclusive circles in Europe.

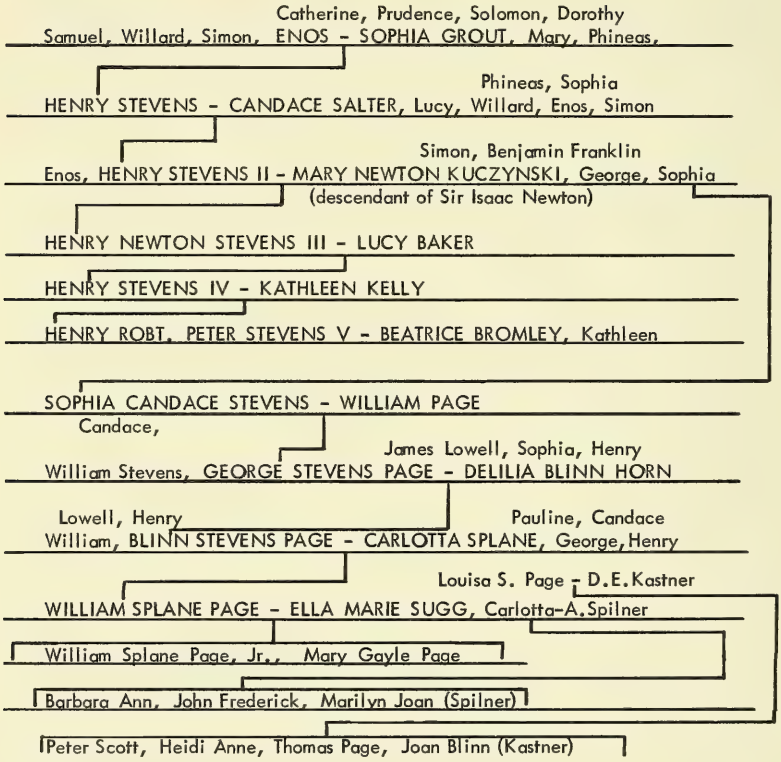
In 1865 he married Charlotte Whittingham of a noted family conducting the Chiswick Press. They made their home at Surbiton Hill where he had extensive gardens in which he grew shrubs, ferns and plants from his old home and native hills of Barnet, Vermont. He called his place The Sheaves after his birthplace in Barnet.

With Mrs. Stevens he revisited America and Barnet in 1867. There was a memorable reception at the old homestead. He never lost interest in Barnet. He gave the Stevens Cemetery and donated many volumes to the library. He died March 5, 1902. Mrs. Stevens died a year later.

Enos Stevens was the oldest son of Henry and Candace. He was born Jan. 22, 1816. He attended the Peacham Academy and graduated from Middlebury College in 1836. He taught school in Pennsylvania for many years. Later he received an appointment to a position in the Custom House at New York City. He returned to Barnet to care for his parents and became a farmer there.

In 1849 he published a treatise on the Rudiments of Astronomy and perhaps others works. In 1874 he married Mrs. Elizabeth Whitehill, daughter of Rev. Ora Pearsons. He died Jan. 31, 1877 and was buried in the Stevens Cemetery.

ENOS'S DISTINGUISHED DESCENDANTS



Henry Stevens of London, great-grandson of Henry and Candace, has in his possession a silver pitcher presented them on their Golden Wedding by their children. On this are engraved the records of their descendants through the Henry Stevens branch in London down to the present day. This same Henry writes that his father, Henry Newton Stevens, was baptized in the White House on January 11, 1858, with President Buchanan being one of the sponsors.

7

SOLOMON BUILDS FOR FIVE GENERATIONS

Solomon Stevens was Herbert's great-grandfather. Solomon was ten years old when his father died. His brother Phineas was four years older and his sister Sarah was thirteen. Solomon and Phineas learned early in life to assume responsibility after their mother was left a widow with four younger children.

Solomon had a firm resolute jaw as many of his forbears had; early he had taken a man's place. He and his brother tilled the farm. Machinery was still crude, most of the work was done by hand. They were poor in the sense they didn't have much money but they always had plenty to eat and wear. Most of their living was raised on the farm. And as women had done for generations, his mother and sister spun and wove and knit and made their clothes.

The outer garments of the farmer were made of homespun, colored blue, and it is said there was nothing warmer or more comfortable. Dr. Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward Beecher, used to exchange pulpits with Reverend Worcester about once a year, and on one Sunday, returning to his Boston congregation he told them that on the Sunday before when he stood up to offer prayer, "half an acre of blue frocks rose up in front of me, with an honest heart under every one of them."

Solomon would look at his mother with concern as she seemed to fail, little by little. He would put his arm around her shoulders and say to her, "Mama, I'm going to make a lot of money. I will take care of you. You won't have to work hard much longer." But in spite of his best efforts it was not easy to make money. He and his brother did some trapping as most men did in those days. He learned to tan leather and then a little later he learned to make harness. He was not satisfied to work

out. Laborers at that time received only half a dollar a day for work in summer and in the winter it was about half that. Often only seventy dollars was received for a year's work.

Transportation was still bad. The only road worthy to be called a road was the Hazen Road. It was built for military purposes during the Revolutionary War. Several bridges had been built between Barnet and Lyman, and in 1712 a charter was granted to Sophia Stevens and others to build and maintain a bridge between Lyman and Barnet, to be called Stevens Bridge. It was to be built at the first falls in the river below Stevens ferry. The tolls were to be fixed by charter and were as follows: foot passengers, one cent; each horse and rider, six cents; one horse drawing a chaise, sulky, or chair, twelve and one half cents; one horse sleigh or sled, six cents; a coach, chariot, phaeton or other four-wheeled carriages, twenty-five cents. There were also special rates for droves of cattle or sheep.

Some of the early bridges were called timber bridges, being built on posts driven into the bottom of the river on which timbers and planks were laid. Such bridges could be constructed quickly and no great skill was required to make them.

Many men worked on the rivers in the early days. Rafting lumber down the river was one of the chief occupations and they had a unique way of doing it. It is said that solid logs cut sixty feet long were fastened together by two inch planks at each end and in the middle of each log, making a solid mass called a "box", sixty feet long and twelve feet wide. A raft was made up of six such boxes, two wide and three long; yoked divisions they were called. This made a floating mass of lumber twenty-four feet wide and one hundred and eight feet long. Each raft was steered by two men with rude oars in opposite corners. When the rafts came to a canal they sometimes had to be broken up in boxes and put together again after passing through. Solomon never worked on the river but he liked to go down to it and watch when he had time.

A log schoolhouse was built in Barnet soon after Solomon was born. Neighbors cleared the land and built the school. Of course there was teaching before that. Parents taught their children and older children taught those younger, and there were neighborhood schools in private homes, like the one his Uncle Solomon taught in the old log house.

Heating the school was a problem in those days. The first school houses were heated by fireplaces and each scholar was supposed to supply three-fourths of a ton of cord wood; one half before school began and the other half at midterm. Stoves were not used when Solomon went to school, nor until 1815. Teachers received one dollar a week and board, at least in summer; from twelve to fifteen dollars a month in winter for a master. These wages prevailed until about 1850. There were a few men in the early days who taught school in winter who afterwards became quite famous, and people took pride that they had "gone to school" to them. Among them was Thaddeus Stevens, the famous controversial member of the Stevens family; Wilbur Fisk, founder of Wesleyan University; Oliver Johnson, Editor of *Independent;* Dr. Chassell and Peter Bullions, noted educators. These men all taught in Barnet township.

Mary Woodward Stevens, Solomon's mother, became weaker and more pale as the months wore on. Solomon was worried. He wished his father had lived. He would know what to do. The neighborhood women shook their heads. "She has never been the same since the doctor died," they would say to each other. One day she asked to see Phineas and Solomon alone. She was barely able to talk. Each son held a hand of his mother's as she talked quietly to them.

"You are my eldest children. You will have to take care of your sisters when I am gone." The boys' faces paled as she continued, "I will have to leave you soon. Your father and I have tried to teach you to be honest, sincere and kind and to put your faith in God. I am sure you will be good to each other." She closed her eyes as she lay back exhausted. An hour later they knew she was dead.

Neighbors were kind; they and the children took her body to the Stevens Cemetery and laid her beside her husband, Dr. Phineas Stevens.

When Solomon saw his sisters, Mary and Prudence, sobbing in each others arms after they returned from the cemetery, he made up his mind that he would not leave them as long as they needed him.

The years went by. Sarah had grown up and married James Wright and they moved to Genesee, New York. It was five years later that Solomon started his regular visits to Passumpsic Village.

The land where Passumpsic Village was built had been the original grant to Joseph Stevens, Solomon's great-grandfather. About the time Solomon was born Joseph had sold lot No. 157 and sixty acres of lot 168 to John Stevens and the place was called Stevens Falls and it is so mentioned in early records. Later a grist mill was built and it was bought by William Kendell and was called Kendell Mills for a long time. Later it was changed back to Passumpsic Village.

It was one half mile south of Passumpsic Village that Clark Cushman built his big brick house. Enos Stevens and others had helped Clark move his brick kiln to the meadow back of the plot where the house was to be built. Clark made the bricks and with the help of neighbors the big house was completed. It was here that his family lived for many years. He kept tavern there, patronized by drovers, very largely, as the fields made good pasture for those stopping with herds of cattle or sheep or even flocks of turkeys on their way to market. It is said that before they started out with the turkeys they were driven through vats of tar, then fine sand, to coat their feet so that they would not wear them out walking on the rocky roads.

It was here that Solomon met dark-eyed Sally Cushman who was to become his wife in less than a year.

Many generations of pioneer blood ran in Sally's veins for she was a descendant of the famous Robert Cushman who procured the *Mayflower* which transported the early Pilgrims to America. He also won renown by preaching the first sermon in America to be printed (in England). It is said to be the cornerstone of American literature.

There have been many distinguished and prominent Cushmans who have descended from Robert Cushman. Mary Allerton, the last survivor of the *Mayflower* married Robert Cushman's son, Thomas Cushman. He became elder of the Plymouth church after Elder Brewster died. Their son Thomas married Ruth Howland, daughter of John Howland of the *Mayflower.* The Howland house built in 1666 is still standing in Plymouth. More about the Cushmans may be found in the Appendix.

Solomon and Sarah (Sally) used to walk out into the meadow behind the house and Solomon would put his arm around Sally and say, "Sally, I'll build you a house as large as your father's, you just wait and see."

The Clark Cushman Homestead

And Sally, looking up at his resolute countenance, knew that he would. They took their marriage vows on December 2, 1816. Probably Rev. David Goodwillie officiated.

Another Stevens home was started in America. It was a modest home they moved into but they had dreams of a finer home for their family. Solomon worked hard and Sally did too. She was the oldest of twelve children; there were few things to be done around the home that Sally couldn't do. Sally's mother was Katherine Grout of Charlestown, New Hampshire. She also descended from a long line of prominent Americans. Later several other members of the Stevens family married into the Grout family, as shown in the genealogical tables in the Appendix.

The first newspaper in that vicinity was the *Green Mountain Patriot,* published in 1804. It was bought out by the *North Star** in 1806 and was published in Danville. It is said that each copy of this paper was passed around from family to family until it was worn out.

The war of 1812 was not popular in Barnet. Neither was it in many other places. However, there seemed to be no evasion of the requirements of the general government in Barnet. It was thought by a large number, perhaps the majority, of the people of New England that in declaring war against Great Britain the United States was playing into the hands of Napoleon at a time when England seemed to be about overwhelmed, and it was thought this country should have excused many acts in consideration of the desperate straits in which England was placed during the war.

Quoting from a letter written July, 1814 by Phineas Stevens, Sr. to Solomon Stevens, Sr. (seemingly a brother) he has the following to say about the engagements at Chippawa and Queenstown:

> On Sunday the third of this month our army crossed the Niagara River at Black Rock in three divisions, consisting of infantry, Indians, and dragoons, amounting to about 6 or 8 thousand. They landed unbeknownst to the British. After they struck the shore the British fired once. Our men marched directly to the Fort and demanded surrender

*We have a masthead of the North Star, dated Dec. 16, 1928.

and gave the British two hours to council. After the two hours they sent out a flag and surrendered themselves and stacked up their arms and marched out of the Fort. The number was 122.

The same week our army marched to Chippawa and attacked another part of the British army. That was a very hard battle. We heard the cannon all the while the battle lasted; about three hours.

Our people drove them and pursued them to Queenstown Heights. Our people killed and took prisoners of about five hundred.

Near Queenstown the British last week on Monday came out and attacked our army about two O'clock in the afternoon. They fought about three hours. Our people took the British artillery and retook it and took it about four times. At last our army got the better of them and took eighteen pieces of cannon from the British and then pitched our tents for the night.

The British reinforced the same night and they came and drove our army away. Our army retreated some distance and went back with a flag to bury our dead. But the British would not consent for them to bury our dead so they marched back to Fort Erie.

According to the best information that can be obtained at present, it was the hardest fought battle that had been fought on the lines since the war had been declared. We had taken killed and wounded about 1500. It is stated the British lost more than we did. I haven't seen but about three hundred and twenty prisoners go by.

The British have reinforced every day. The same day they crossed the river at Lewiston and marched up to Fort Niagara. The British kept that yet. There has been a great number of families move from Lewiston and all that lived near there. I expect if our army does not look sharp the British will take the whole army.

I have seen five pieces of heavy artillery go by since I started this letter, to Buffalo, with three yoke of oxen on each carriage. The General has issued orders to detach one thousand militia to march immediately to Buffalo.

Our two Generals, Brown and Scott, were both wounded. Brown is Commander-in-chief. Scott was wounded through the shoulder and General Brown through the thigh.

Our army took British General Riall. He was wounded through the

arm; he has since had his arm amputated. The Generals are all at Buffalo, yet, it is stated that General Drummond arrived from Kingston and rode through our lines and when he saw we were going to get the better of his army he rode up in front of our army.

Another Phineas Stevens, who was born at Barnet, Vermont filled an important place in American history of his day. A letter he wrote when he was twenty-one was addressed to Solomon Stevens, Sr. (his uncle). This Phineas Stevens was the son of the Phineas Stevens who wrote the foregoing letter about the War of 1812. His grandfather was Dr. Phineas Stevens and his great-grandfather was the distinguished Capt. Phineas Stevens of Charlestown, New Hampshire.

The letter follows:

Jamestown, N. Y. Oct. 26, 1834.

Dear Sir:

Thinking what to amuse myself at I at last concluded to sit down and write a few lines to you. We are all in perfect health, I believe, at present. I and my brother Cyrus do not live at home now Cyrus being of age. I am not twenty-one years of age till February coming.

Cyprus since he began for himself has earned enough to purchase him fifty acres of good land situated about a mile south of Fathers, with about half of it improved. He is to work for a man now where he makes a dollar every day he works I calculate to commence teaching school in a few days. Next spring, if nothing happens, perhaps I shall take a journey to Vermont.

Mr. Solomon Grout is now about six hundred miles to the west where he is peddling leather & shoes for hydes which he returns with in the spring.

Father as I suppose you have, already heard is married to his second wife. He was married about a year ago. I suppose if he had looked all his lifetime he could not have bettered himself, she pleases the children extraordinarly well. She is a member of the Methodist

church & a very fine woman indeed. This is the most I can say for her.

Uncle Woodward talks of removing to Ohio, I believe. When he will go I do not know.

As this is the first letter ever I wrote to you, I hope you will not reject it but write to me as quick as you can

Yours with respect

Phineas Steven, JR.

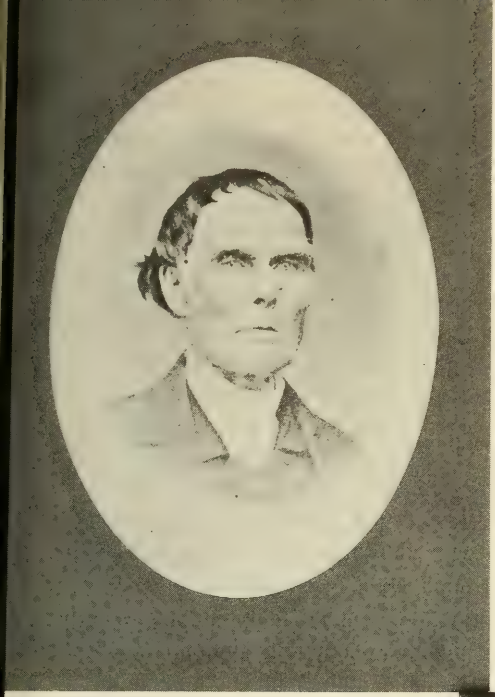
N. B. Give my love to your children, to Aunt and all Inquiring relatives.

Excerpts from a Dunkirk, New York newspaper of 1886 are as follows:

Passing from this life on the evening of March 11th 1886 Captain Phineas Stevens age 72 years, one month and seven days.

He was born in Barnet, Vermont and came to the county (Chautauqua) with his parents when a child. He continued to live in the town of Harmony and Busti till a man grown; when he married Olive Harrington and removed to Ohio.

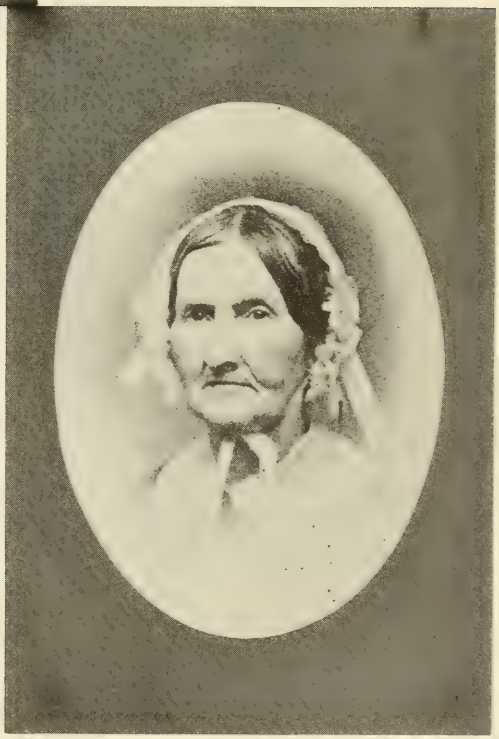
In the town of Middlebury, Ohio he was postmaster. From there he went to Janesville, Wisconsin where he engaged in the drygoods business. After a time he returned to Chautauqua County, and under the administration of Pierce and Buchanan entered the mail service and ran between Cleveland and Buffalo for eight years. He left the road to enter the military service when the war broke out and held the position of 1st Lieutenant in company G, 49th Reg't. He was sick for a long time in North Carolina where his regiment was and finally came home to his family who were living in Westfield. Soon after they removed to this city, and his efforts and influence was exerted in forming the 112th Reg't. in which he was made Captain of Company G and went again South where he remained until the close of the War. Succeeding that, he entered the regular Army and was stationed in Texas holding a position of trust and responsibility. He was there four years but came home on account of his health. Later he traveled for



Solomon

and Sally (Cushman)

Stevens



the Northwestern Masonic Aid Association of Chicago. While in Ohio he became a member of the Masonic Fraternity, and has ever since remained a conscientuous and faithful brother. He united with the Methodist Church when he was sixteen years of age.

It is a noteworthy fact that his father instituted the first Masonic Lodge in Chautauqua county at Mayville.

The Knights of Dunkirk Commandry, No 40, K.T. and brethern of Irondequoit and Dunkirk Lodges, F and A.M. gathered at Masomic Hall at one o'clock in the afternoon and marched to the bereaved home on Beagle Street. There were about eighty in the column, of which number fifty were Sir Knights in uniform.

The officers and guard of the Commandry formed an arch of steel above the remains, and the Rev. J.H. Bates, chaplain of Irondequoit Lodge, offered prayer. The casket was then placed in the hearse, and escorted by the Masons to the Methodist Church on Fourth St. The Knights Templar marched to seats reserved for them in front, followed by members of the lodge in regalia, with badges of mourning on their sleeves and springs of acacia at their breasts. The church was filled to utmost capacity by friends assembled. Sir Knight Recorder read the following inscription on the book of Records: "A man of genial, friendly temperment, making friends wherever he went, he leaves behind him a record of an unblemished life. A person of sterling worth, truth reliable and prompt in every engagement of life. He was respected by all who knew him.

As a Sir Knight he was ever watchful and labored to be true and faithful to the trust reposed in him. His sword which taught him the lessons of Fortitude, Justice and Mercy, has served its purpose, his warfare and toils are now forever ended.

Between 1800 and 1815 was an era of turnpikes. At least eight were to pass through Caledonia County. The Passumpsic Turnpike extended from the mouth of the Wells River in Newbury through Rygate as far as the house of Deacon Twaddle. The construction began in 1807 near the mouth of Joe's Brook. About a mile was completed the first year. It was completed to the Rygate line the following year and the legislature granted the privilege of taking half tolls. Later the road was completed

to Wells River. A Scotchman, named Monteith, collected tolls and knit stockings.

Business in Barnet was greatly stimulated by the turnpike, especially during the season of navigation of the Connecticut River. In 1819 it became a public highway after much litigation. One of the most travelled turnpikes near there was the Coos Turnpike in the upper regions of the Merrimack Valley. Taverns were built along the turnpike and it is reported that more than three hundred teams passed over it in one day.

As business increased in Barnet, Solomon's leather business flourished. There was much demand for leather and harnesses as the roads improved. A shoemaker had opened a shop also.

As more land was broken there was demand for ox teams. The *North Star* for September, 1822 tells of a cattle fair and mention was made of fine yokes of oxen there. A short time later oxen were used on every farm. They were thought to be better adapted for much of their work than horses. It is reported there were seventy yoke of oxen from Barnet at the Peacham Fair in 1832. By 1840 there were one hundred and seventy-three yoke of oxen in the township of Barnet.

Sally sat in the low rocking chair before the fire. She had quit sewing on the small garment that lay in her lap. The candle on the small table beside her had burned down almost to the holder. She looked rather delicate in the glow of the firelight, Solomon thought, but Sally was always well and strong so there was no need to worry. Sally was watching the flames that shot up occasionally and Solomon was watching the light and shadows that made patterns across her face.

"I hope it's a boy," Solomon said eagerly, "don't you, Sally?" Sally smiled, "Must it be a boy? It doesn't really matter to me. If you have your heart set on a boy, that's what we will have, maybe." Solomon liked the way the corners of her mouth turned up when she smiled. He was lucky. Sometimes when his sisters were small he wondered if he would be able to marry at all. Now he and Sally were going to have their first child.

Three months later a beautiful baby girl was born. They named her Catherine Dean. At first Solomon was disappointed but her good nature and lovable disposition appealed to him so much that he wouldn't have traded her for any boy.

Two years later Phoebe Woodward was born. She seemed delicate but "the baby" soon won all hearts. Solomon had to wait two more years before his son was born. On August 10th, 1821 Phineas IV came into the world. It did seem like a special event to Solomon when he was born.

Solomon had just received word that his sister's husband, James Wright, had not returned from work and his sister was left with three children. As her husband's business was rafting lumber down the Genesee River perhaps only the river could tell the fate of Sarah's husband. Solomon was worried about his sister, "I must go and bring them over here, Sally. Sarah can't manage with three small children."

"Yes, you must bring her to Barnet. Why couldn't she keep house for your brother Phineas now that Prudence and Mary are married?" questioned Sally.

The next day Solomon started for Genesee, New York to bring his sister and family to Barnet. Little Mary, who was six years old, delighted Solomon. He kept wondering all the way home if his sister would let them keep Mary. When Sally saw her she liked her too. The arrangements were made that little Mary should live with Solomon and Sally. She made her home with them until she was nineteen years old when she married William S. Brock. William worked at The Sheaves for Henry Stevens. Later they lived on the Brock family farm. This is where the first Scotch blood was united with the English blood of the Stevenses.

Solomon and Sally were still planning on the new house and when Solomon had a little time he would go to the Cushman home and make bricks. Ralph and Ira Cushman would help him whenever they could. When the bricks were ready they would bring them to their present home and pile them up for later use.

They chose the building site on what is now Anderson street, a little way above the red schoolhouse. As the street gradually rose from the center of the village they were high enough to get a good view of the Connecticut River. Solomon hadn't much time to devote to building as his business was increasing; consequently it was several years before the house was ready to move into.

In the meantime sons and daughters were being born to Sally and Solomon regularly every two years. The next addition was a boy and they named him Solomon, Jr. He was a cheerful baby and made friends

with everyone. His birth was followed by Sarah Gill, who became the beloved "Aunt Sarah" of Barnet.

Louisa opened her pretty blue eyes for the first time in the old house. It was getting too small for the family but it was home and as they sat around the fireplace in the evenings a feeling of contentment came over Solomon.

As Solomon and Sally walked to church on Sunday mornings they were joined by other people of the village and surrounding villages. A brick meetinghouse had been built the fall before. On Oct. 22, 1829 it was dedicated. This meetinghouse was the first that had been built in this village and the people were very proud of it. It had two doors in the front with a window above and windows on the sides. They were topped with fan-shaped, green blinds. It had a belfry but no bell, no spire. Churches were built at great sacrifice in those days and this one was no exception. Subscriptions for the meetinghouse were largely paid in labor or material for building and it was the joint production of the people residing there. Some hewed timber, others made shingles or drew the logs to mill to be made into boards. All nails used in the buildings were made by hand. Rev. Andrew Govin was their first minister.

This was a beautiful spring morning. Bright new leaves had burst forth from the birch trees. The sap had already risen in the maples and Solomon and Sally, with their five children, caught the sweet perfume of trailing arbutus. The children had seen a robin. They could see people coming in every direction, uphill and downhill and across the fields and pastures, singly and in groups, and they wondered how they were all going to get into the church. They saw some men and women sit down by the side of the road and put on their shoes which they carried all the way from home. A man and his wife rode up on horseback carrying a child. Children and young people made up half of the congregation, for everyone must go to church.

They saw Henry Stevens, Esquire and his wife Candace, she with her billowing skirts and big lavishly trimmed bonnet. Henry was wearing a satin vest and swallow-tailed coat and high silk hat. His sister Sophia, catching the eyes of all in her new spring attire, being escorted by her sweetheart, young Dr. Skinner. Their own little Sarah stepping forth in

The Old Brick House built by Solomon Stevens

her long old-fashioned low-necked dress. They could see the Gleasons and Gilchrists coming up from McIndoes and the Wallaces from their home in Barnet.

They took their places in their family pew. The pews faced the door. The minister's desk was at the right hand with gallery above and behind. Ed Clement with his tuning fork led the choir.

In winter Solomon carried the footwarmer (now in the writer's home) filled with hot coals to the church for Sally to put her feet on during church services. There were a number of footwarmers in the church and that helped to take the chill off of the room.

Reverend Clark Perry when delivering a speech in Newbury in 1831 said as follows:

> Not only men but women also came on foot from Rygate corner, beyond the ten mile tree, that they might have opportunity to worship the God of their fathers in public congregation. When they came to Wells River, there being no canoes, the ladies would bare their feet and trip through as nimbly as a deer. The men generally went barefoot. The ladies certainly wore shoes. The distance down and back being not less than twenty-eight miles.

They moved into the new house on Elm St. (later called Anderson St.). Sally was excited. It was an imposing house for those days in Barnet. A large rectangular part with an upstairs was the main part of the house. An ell was attached to one side with a porch all along the front. Dormer windows were in the roof of that part of the house. Much new furniture had been bought.

"Isn't this what you wanted, Sally?" questioned Solomon as they wandered from room to room. His whole face shone with the light of achievement. Of late his features had set in a somewhat grim, severe look but now that the hard work was over he could take life a little easier.

"Oh, yes, Solomon. This is what I have been wanting. Now we will have room for all the children," Sally answered looking up at Solomon with shining eyes.

There was an interval of three years between the last two children. Perhaps little Jane wanted to be born in the new house so she didn't

"put in her appearance" quite so soon. However the two year schedule was back in effect when Xerxes was born, March 25, 1832.

The children were growing up fast. They were all taught to work. Solomon, Jr. was only nine when Xerxes was born but he was already helping his father in the harness shop, when he was not in school. But Solomon was more interested in the horses than he was in their harness. He was an expert rider by the time he was twelve and could handle a harness team too. Phineas was older and more of a help to his father, especially with the farming. Every home carried on some farming operations, at least enough to grow their own food.

By the time Mary Sophia was born their oldest daughter (Catherine) had married Thomas (Timothy) Fairbanks. Thomas was born in Littleton but later moved to St. Johnsbury. He was the son of Rev. Drury Fairbanks graduate of Brown University and pastor of the Congregational churches at Plymouth and Littleton, New Hampshire, serving them for more than fifty years. They were the parents of four children (William, Emma, George Stevens, Katherine).

Richard Hubbard, the last baby of Solomon and Sally's, was born in 1841.

Little Sol had grown up. Early in life he had made up his mind to be a stagecoach driver. It was exciting to him. He dreamed of far places. He had seen the stages with their fine horses and equipment drive up to the inns and people from other places get out and wait for the stage to go on or to meet friends at their destination. He liked horses and he liked people.

When his aunt invited him to go home with her to Maine he was ready and willing. Later he made a trip to Canada. The ties of home were strong too. When he came home he learned that his brother Phineas had taken charge of The Sheaves after Henry Stevens left to go to Montpelier. He helped Phineas for several years, after which the place was rented to Mr. Stanley.

After leaving The Sheaves Sol bought a stage line and drove a few years from Danville to Craftsbury. Then he sold out and hired out with the company owning the line from Barton to Montpelier; he drove a number of years with Alfonzo Fields, one of the famous stage hands of the olden time.

Sol was always popular with the ladies but there was one girl in Lyndon who seemed to appeal to him more than the rest. Ann Eliza Evans was tall and slender, dressed well and liked to dance. These qualities appealed to Sol. Dancing was one of his favorite pastimes. One notation in his diary was, "I danced all winter and not much else."

Ann Eliza was a daughter of Horace Evans, sheriff of Caledonia County at Lyndon. They lived at the jail house. Later he was a tavernkeeper at Danville Green.

Sol was dreaming dreams too.

Solomon and Sally were devoted church members and daily prayer was a part of their lives. Some thought Sally carried it too far and a remark was heard, "Sally would take the mittens off her own children's hands to send to the heathens."

To Solomon, God was very real and personal. Benjamin Franklin Stevens, who was a frequent visitor in their home loved to relate how "Uncle Sol" as he affectionately called him, would pray.

> Uncle Sol would hold forth after the fashion set by some of the old Puritans among his ancestors; there was a rough familiarity of intercourse in bygone times, among the old prayer leaders, a bold apparent irreverence in their address to the Diety, and the custom, well meant of course, had been inherited strongly by Uncle Sol. In his earnestness of prayer he would sometimes lack fluency and stumble a little and find himself at a loss for a word to carry out his meaning. But the hesitation would only be momentary and he would boldly continue to appeal direct, "Understand, O, Lord? Understand? Take my idea, D'ye? Take my idee?"

Solomon in fighting his way through the world at such an early age developed shrewdness that grew on him as he grew older and occasionally, it has been said, he put over a sharp deal. This story has been handed down through the generations.

It was told of him about a deal with one of the Deacons of his church, a shoemaker by trade, to whom he sold a number of hides. The buyer on getting home found them full of holes and he returned to expostulate

with Solomon and make demand for some allowance on the bargain but Solomon told him that the hides had been sold by weight and that no deduction could be made, for no charge whatever had been made for the holes.

As the children grew up they married and had children of their own. In 1844 Phineas married Caroline Brock. This was the second member of the Stevens family to marry a Brock. When he was a young man Phineas had operated The Sheaves, an Inn that had been built by his great-uncle Enos Stevens. However, after his marriage, he and his wife moved to Lacon, Illinois, where he became a prosperous farmer. Later he moved to Marshalltown, Iowa where he operated a bank. They were the parents of two children, Emily Fort and Albert Stevens. Albert became a well-to-do businessman of Dexter, Iowa. His untimely death was mourned by many. The services were held under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias lodge, and the large funeral procession was headed by fifty Knights in full uniform.

Mary was getting to be a big girl. She was nine years old on her last birthday. She was a vivacious child and was always busy at something. On this October morning her mother had sent her to the store to get a few things for her. It was a beautiful fall day and Mary was skipping along down the hill when she wasn't scuffing her feet through the bright autumn leaves that lay along the roadway. Sally hadn't given her strict orders to come right back so of course she would go down to see the river as she often did.

Sally sat down by the window to watch her. She smiled to herself. It was good to sit down. There was always lots of work to be done at the homestead.

She could see Mary as she went up on the bridge. It was an open bridge at that time (the covered bridge was built later). Mary edged over close to the side, she looked down and wondered how deep the water was below her. The river had always had a fascination for her. Seemingly she hadn't noticed the logging team that was approaching the bridge. She threw down a stick she had in her hand and noticed how quickly the current carried it down stream. But Sally noticed the load of logs and

team going up on the bridge. Why didn't Mary go on across and get out of the way? She leaned closer to the window to get a better view; a look of horror came over her face. She jumped to her feet and in an agonizing voice called to Sarah, "Oh, God, Sarah, Mary has been swept into the river."

Sarah came quickly to her mother's side, "Mama, you don't mean that Mary is in the river?" she asked incredulously, but looking at her mother's face she knew it was true.

They found her lifeless body at the foot of the falls. The village people were kind. They helped to bury little Mary on a hill in Pleasant View cemetery. Bright autumn leaves fluttered down on the fresh mound; the pine trees above sighed in the breeze and the Connecticut River, close by, flowed on. From then on, the corners of Sally's mouth turned down more and more.

July 23rd, 1849 was a memorable day in the Stevens family. There was excitement everywhere as the day dawned bright and sunny. Much preparation had been made. The aroma of delicious food cooking had filled the kitchen for days.

The fireplace in the parlor was banked with ferns and flowers. The boys had brought in the ferns from the woods. The girls had gathered the flowers in both the garden and the woods. The fireplace in the sitting-room held flowers and candles. Sarah had put long-stemmed ferns in containers to hide the blackened hole where the fire had been before. Even the two fireplaces upstairs had been made gay with candles and flowers.

The handwoven linen tablecloth with its five-inch handmade lace was on the long table; even little Dick had had a hand in arranging the centerpiece.

Louisa and Jane, brighteyed with excitement, were flitting around the upstairs bedrooms. Two cream-colored satin dresses were lying on Jane's bed.

Neighbor girls were donning pretty new gowns in anticipation.

Sarah and Phoebe had finished the work downstairs and had looked in on their mother and Catherine to see if they were dressed. There was commotion and laughter in the boys' rooms. Townspeople from far and

near were gaily making their way to the brick house on Anderson St.

Organ music was heard as the large parlor was filled, and presently Sarah's sweet voice mingled with the soft tones of the organ, and Louisa and Jane were seen coming down the stairway. Solomon was beaming, as he saw his two beautiful daughters from the foot of the stairs.

In front of the fireplace stood John Balch, Hurd Clement and Rev. Austin Hubbard. John watched as they came into the parlor but it was Louisa whom he really saw and who made his heart beat faster. Hurd had eyes only for Jane, the girl of his choice.

Sally's heart was so full; she looked at the radiant faces of her daughters as they were being united in marriage to these young men who would take them away from Barnet. She brushed away a tear.

After the ceremony there was food and laughter and much kissing of the brides. Jokes were played on the bridegrooms by the boys.

After several hours Jane and Hurd left for Titusville, Pennsylvania where Hurd was a member of the firm of Brewer, Watson & Company. Louisa and John went to St. Johnsbury where John was in business.

After the excitement of the wedding and reception Sally felt "let down." Her two baby girls had left the homestead. If only she had Mary back. After she got to her room Sally wept.

After many successful years Jane and Hurd came back to Barnet and built what was known as The Big House. It caused much comment in Barnet. Some called it palatial. After they hired a footman some were heard to say they thought the Clements were "riding too high."

Jane's and Hurd's four children were born before they came to Barnet to live. They named them John, Ellen, Phoebe Jane and Frederick.

Louisa presented John with two boys. When they grew up their Uncle Phineas urged them to come to Marshalltown, Iowa and work in his bank. Albert, who married Nettie McVeigh, became vice-president of the bank and Phineas, who married Nellie Winegard, was associated with them.

There was a mantle of snow over everything. Storm clouds had hovered over Barnet in the morning of November 25th, 1852. However, by noon the sun came out and made a fairyland of everything. It seemed as if nature, too, wanted to smile on Sarah, for this day was her wedding

Barnet church

Stevens Cemetery

day. It was a small wedding and the lucky young man was no other than Jonathan D. Abbott, member of a prominent Vermont family. He had a long line of American ancestors. Jonathan made a place for himself in Barnet. He was a merchant, town clerk, town representative, senator and associate judge.

While Sarah was three years older than Louisa she didn't marry until three years afterwards. She was always a busy woman; so active in church work, and her sweet soprano voice led the singing in the old brick church and later in the new church. She was a beloved Sunday school teacher for many years.

After Sarah and Jonathan left for a short honeymoon trip, Phoebe went to her room and wept. She was the delicate member of the family and she had never married. She knew that Sarah and Jonathan were coming back there to live but she knew it would be different now; the close companionship between her and Sarah would be over.

December 1853 Barnet Union Meeting House Association was formed whose purpose was to build a new meetinghouse. The old brick house had fulfilled its destiny; there were lean years when they were not able to pay a minister; some years they worshipped in McIndoes and some years they alternated between Barnet and McIndoes.

Barnet was becoming more prosperous with its mills and factories. The church was completed in 1854. It was paid for in great part by the selling of pews. They were priced from $40 to $85 each. After many years the pews were a pleasant memory; in time they were not considered democratic and it was thought the church should be for all the community and not just for families who could afford pews. In 1889 the church was incorporated and the pews were sold for $1 each or given to the church.

By 1858 the church was filled to capacity. Young men were working in the factories and mills and in Barnet there was a monthly payroll of $3,000.

They paid $375 for a bell for the church. It was used in the usual way and also announced the passing of the dead; four distinct strokes for MALE and six for FEMALE and then the age was struck. The ladies of uncertain age may have lamented the purchase of the bell. There was

a new organ that took the place of the bass viol. Among the later organists were Miss Bertha Jane Stevens and Miss Virginia Elliott (Mrs. A. H. Gilchrist).

Solomon Stevens was first president of the Barnet Union Meeting House Association. Other familiar names on the committee included Abbott, Moore, Harvey, Potts and Gleason.

Under the pastorate of Rev. Joseph Boardman the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was formed in Barnet. This was very soon after this popular organization was instituted by Rev. F. E. Clarke of Portland, Maine.

One of the notable women of Vermont in her time was Miss Laura Moore of Barnet. She attended a temperance convention in Cleveland, Ohio in 1874 when the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized, and she helped to organize the first W.C.T.U. in Vermont in 1875. She also organized the first Union in Barnet, which was the first in the county. She was its president for over 30 years. Her home was the gathering place for many noted men and women.

The Barnet Church has an unbroken record of organization of 129 years. The little white church with its spire pointing skyward was built in Barnet more than a century ago. Today Barnet people gather at this house of worship as they did in the old brick church when Barnet was known as Stevens Village.

The next ten years went swiftly for Solomon and Sally. Neighbors saw Sally sitting on the veranda more and more on warm days and they noted that Solomon was climbing the grade up to the house slowly and more slowly — sometimes he had a grandchild on either side. Edward and Fanny were the first two children of Sarah and Jonathan, and they were adored by their grandparents. Edward lived to be 49 but died before his mother did. Fanny lived to marry John Roberts, but she too died young.

Perhaps it was little Ella who wound herself around their hearts more than any of the other grandchildren. Jerry was only six months old when Sally died quietly in her bed. Neighbors had to dig down through the snow and frost to make a place for the casket up on the hill next to Mary's grave. It was surprising the number of villagers who waded

through the snow to pay their last respects. By morning a clean blanket of snow completely covered the mound of earth.

Solomon had no will to live after Sally died and six months later, to the day, they buried Solomon on the hill beside Sally. A gentle breeze ruffled the leaves on the overhanging trees and a bird in the distance broke into song.

Now that Solomon and Sally were gone, the household revolved around Sarah. Neighbors went to Sarah with their troubles and joys and no one was ever turned away.

The children were growing up fast. Little Dick was little no longer but he still felt at home in his sister's household. Jonathan was away at Montpelier representing Barnet part of the time. Adorable Mary, the pet of them all, was the last baby born to Sarah and Jonathan.

To the children the years went by at snails pace. To Sarah they flew on wings. Again the brick house was being made ready for a wedding, the same happy laughter echoed through the rooms. A breath of spring had come in with April. How welcome after a long winter. Birds were bursting their throats with song in the trees around the house. It was Ella whose eyes shone so brightly and it was Walter Johnson who was at her side. As the minister pronounced them man and wife, Sarah tried to swallow the lump in her throat.

Walter was the son of Jane and Moses Johnson and the great-grandson of Col. Alexander Harvey. Walter did not need important ancestors for he made his own place in the world. Besides being on the committee that accomplished the writing of the *Barnet History,* in 1908 the people of Barnet sent him to Montpelier as their representative.

When a young man he went to Wyoming where for some time he was employed on the ranch of Senator Warren, father-in-law of General Pershing. Walter was a very friendly man and was a real friend to the boys of Barnet and they had a warm affection for him. It could truly be said that he lived by the side of the road and was a friend to all. He had one son Edward (Ned) who was a mail carrier in Barnet for many years, and two grandchildren (Dorothy and Edward Johnson).

Not that Dick Stevens didn't like Barnet girls, the Stevens boys all liked girls, but it wasn't until he visited his older brother Phineas in

Great-Aunt Sarah (Stevens) Abbott

Lacon, Illinois and met tall willowy Mattie Roberts that he was willing to give up his bachelorhood. After the wedding they left immediately for California. They located at Visalia where they carried on a prosperous mercantile business for eight years until Uncle Dick died suddenly. We visited Visalia a few years ago and looked up the old building where great-uncle Dick had operated his store. To the rear of the building we could see the old adobe bricks and deep windows. We finally found someone who was old enough to remember them. She said they were wonderful people, and she told us where to find the old house. It was in a neighborhood of fine old homes. On the front door was the name Stevens cut in the glass. The grounds of the home covered nearly a block.

Mary put on her pretty blue dress with the leg-o-mutton sleeves and ruching around the neck and stuck some fancy combs in her hair. It was then that the Barnet boys knew that Mary wasn't a little girl anymore. They took notice. But it was the blue-eyed young man with the sprouting mustache that made the deepest impression on her. It wasn't long until Claude Gilfillan asked Mary to share his life and she didn't refuse. Sarah assured them there was plenty of room in the big house for them, so Mary and Claude settled down in the home Solomon built so many years ago.

There had always been little pattering feet in the ancestral home but Ned was about ten before a son was born to Mary and Claude. Another baby for all to love. Grandma Sarah thought he was especially precious. They named him Sumner. His laughter wasn't the last happy, childhood laughter that rang through the house either.

Sarah, who had taken care of her invalid husband for many years, lay down her worldly cares as the church bells were ringing on a beautiful Sunday morning in 1908.

A sweet life went out with her passing. A great loss was felt not only by her home folks, but the whole community mourned. Tears rolled down little Sumner's cheeks. Jerry, who worked at the Woodsville National Bank, seemed saddest of all.

Sumner grew up all too fast, Mary thought. When he met charming, talented Mary Drouin of St. Johnsbury all thought of bachelorhood vanished. Another Mary was brought into the family.

After the passing of Sarah, the house seemed unaccountably empty. There was demand for guest houses so the two couples decided to open the brick house to guests. Many people stopped there and their horses were put up at the stables across the road. A few years later Sumner and Mary brought their little daughters to the much-lived-in brick house for awhile. The house was again vibrant with the happiness of children. Mary and Claude were delighted to have their grandchildren with them. Sue Ann and Marijane loved their grandparents.

As there wasn't an opening in Barnet for an accountant, Sumner and Mary and their daughters were finally obliged to leave the brick house, that had meant so much to them, and move to Springfield, Vermont where Sumner is still employed. (He is a cousin of Senator Ralph Flanders of Vermont.) Vermont lost a beloved, loyal citizen with the passing of Mary Gilfillan on June 27, 1958. They lovingly placed her mortal body in the beautiful Barnet cemetery among Sumner's ancestors.

Marijane is now working in the art department of an advertising company in New York City. Sue Ann has won acclaim as a successful actress. She played in the title roles of some of the most successful plays presented in Williamstown, Mass. She also played in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* over Omnibus (CBS-TV) and was in a TV drama series in New Haven, along with other successes.

In a letter to Herbert, Virginia Elliott Gilchrist wrote the following in Feb. 1948, "Probably your father heard that the old brick house, home of the Stevenses on Anderson St., was destroyed by fire about a year ago. We all felt so sorry to see it go. It will never be rebuilt, I fear." The house was one hundred and seventeen years old when it was burned. None of the descendants of the Stevens family were living there at the time.

8

GRANDPA STEVENS AND THE STAGECOACH DAYS

Stagecoach drivers were a tough, hardy group who faced cold and darkness and storm without complaint. To get the stagecoach through on time and to keep the passengers comfortable was their main goal. They were resourceful, courageous and were keen judges of human nature. They were faithful to their trust. They were a link between the old and the new and they were heroes to the little boys of the day.

In that time certain places were centers of stage lines. Haverhill Corner was said to have been such a place. All lines radiated from there. There were inns where as many as two hundred passengers spent the night. The principal lines from Haverhill were those to Lancaster, to Albany, to Boston by two routes, to Springfield and to Burlington.

In the best days of the stage traffic when there was keen competition the coaches were of best Concord make, well painted and shiny, and other equipment was well taken care of. The teams were of four, six and even eight fine horses. They also hauled mail. Meeting the stagecoach was an event in those days.

The driver usually knew the history of every farm and village on his route and it is said that more good stories were told on the stagecoach than anywhere else.

Several stage lines operated through Barnet. No wonder it caught the imagination of Sol Stevens. He had been driving for several years.

This was an exciting day for Sol. He was going to demonstrate his driving out in front of the Inn at Lyndon. He knew that Ann Evans and her father would be there. He was determined to do what he claimed he

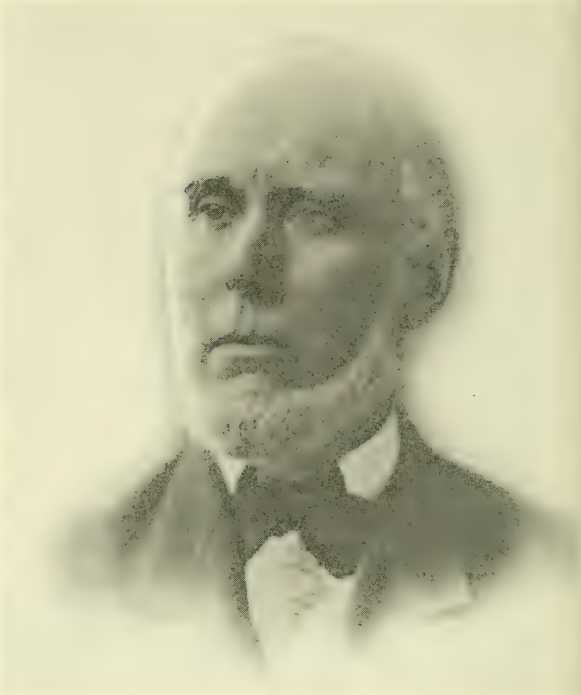
could do. He boasted that he could drive a six-horse team around a large circle several times and only make one track with the stagecoach. A large crowd had gathered. Out of a corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of Ann and her father. He felt confident but he knew animals were somewhat unpredictable; still he always seemed to have them under perfect control. He sat erectly in the driver's seat and held the horses' reins somewhat tightly. He spoke to them quietly but firmly and he commenced the first round. The second round was made smoothly following the first track. The third round was completed and he drove off the track. The crowd rushed up and found he had smoothly followed the two tracks. Cheers broke out; Sol was grinning broadly. Ann, lithe and lovely in a new suit, came up to Sol accompanied by her father. They congratulated him and his satisfaction was complete.

Sol had already made up his mind about Ann Eliza. She was the girl he wanted. A few months later in 1850, Ann Eliza and Sol were married in simple ceremonies at the Evans home in Lyndon. After the marriage Sol took her to The Sheaves where they boarded, while he kept a stable. That winter he bought the stage line from St. Johnsbury to Willoughby Lake and over the mountains. He continued this run until 1851 when he had a chance to sell that line. Sol never held on to anything if he had a chance to make a profit. Ann Eliza had to learn to adjust herself to many places and to live under many conditions.

Sol was generous when he had money and often bought Ann expensive gifts. Ann was inclined to spend freely too and had a taste for the best of everything. There were good years and lean years.

When they learned that a baby was coming, Sol decided to settle down for awhile and bought out a livery stable at St. Johnsbury. In due time a little girl came to brighten their home. As many of the Stevenses had done before, they named her Mary.

After a few years Sol was anxious to get back to driving stage. He made many friends throughout northern Vermont and he liked change and variety. He bought the line from Hardwick to Montpelier. At Christmas time a friend at Montpelier gave him a stagecoach whip, still in our possession. Sol was delighted with it. It had nine bands of silver on the handle and on one of the bands the following was engraved "S. Stevens, Dec. 19, 1853, Montpelier, Vt."



Solomon Jr.

and Ann Eliza (Evans)

Stevens

Various businesses were growing up in Barnet. The one that would have made Barnet famous and prosperous was passed up because the man who owned the water power at the time would not sell any of the power to the Fairbanks Scale Company; consequently they located in St. Johnsbury and became well known for their production of the Fairbanks scales.

It is said the first mills in Vermont north of Newbury, and the first house in Caledonia County, were built at the foot of the falls. During the Civil War there was a great demand for woolen products. The price of wool rose from thirty cents to one dollar a pound. One of these old mills was seven stories high.

Sheep raising was profitable at that time. In 1840 the Grand Fair list revealed there were 4,437 sheep in Barnet township. The ultimate fate of nearly all woolen mills in this part of New England was being burned to the ground sooner or later. The burning of the factories was a blow from which Barnet never fully recovered.

During the next few years Sol operated stage lines between Danville and St. Johnsbury, after which he sold them and bought the big house that uncle Hurd Clement had built. Now they were home again in Barnet. Ann settled down comfortably to have her second child. Little Mary was four years old. Both she and Sol were delighted that the new baby was a boy. They named him William Herbert. Grandpa and Grandma Stevens were glad to have more of the grandchildren close by.

It was a cold snowy winter. The roads were blocked much of the time. Breaking out the roads after a storm was a job in which the whole neighborhood took part. It is graphically described in the diary of Albert Mason under the date of January 27, 1863:

> The north wind blew very hard and the roads in places were badly blocked by the storm. About noon a team of nine yoke of oxen attached to a sled arrived here from the north part of town, having worked all the forenoon breaking the road to my house. We then put on our team and went to Nathan Nelson's place. All the neighborhood turned out with their teams so that when we got to Mr. Nelson's we had a team of sixteen yoke of oxen.

In those days railroads were built a section at a time as the money could be raised. The Passumpsic Railroad which went through Barnet was built in that manner. Although it was begun in 1846 it was not until 1870 that it was completed to Sherbrooke and not until 1874 that it was completed to Montreal.

In the early days both passenger and freight trains were equipped with slow chain brakes. The engineer could start the train but could not stop it. In an emergency he could only whistle for the brakeman, who ran from car to car and set the brakes.

Like all new innovations the idea of a railroad was at first considered visionary and absurd. The first charter for a railroad up the Connecticut Valley was issued in 1835. Among the twenty-one directors was Henry Stevens.

An engine weighing twenty-nine tons was made in 1866 and was considered a wonder. The first passenger cars were painted a bright yellow; they were flat-roofed like a freight car and along the roof were stove pipes and ventilators. They were heated by stoves at each end of the car and lighted by sperm candles, later by two or three oil lamps. There was a great deal of brass and ornamental work on the engines.

As the railroad came into the country it eventually displaced the stage lines. However, Sol Stevens interspersed hotel keeping with stage driving until about 1870.

After living in the big house a number of years, Sol came to the house one evening and excitedly told Ann that he had a chance to trade the big house for the hotel at McIndoes Falls. Even though Ann might be against some of his deals at first, his enthusiasm for each new adventure was so contagious that in the end she was "sold" on it as he was. They operated the McIndoes Hotel for several years but finally sold it and went to Lisbon, New Hampshire, where they bought the Ammonoosuc House. They operated this hotel for six years.

In 1863 pretty, little Bertha Jane was born. She was always a dainty, little girl and Solomon was especially fond of her. When Bertha Jane was born, William Herbert was eight years old and Mary was twelve. However by the time Bertha Jane was two years old a baby boy was born to them. They named him Walter Evans. He was the tall, slender type and resembled his mother more than his father. He was active and aggressive as a child.

Herbert's birthplace

The Big House
Home of Hurd and Jane (Stevens) Clement

Sol was getting restless again. Following the six years at Lisbon he sold out and then stayed at the Union House. He followed this by more stagecoach driving. This time the run was from Profile House through Franconia and Bethlehem to the Crawford House.

Walter was four years old when Ernest Nelson was born. He was a rather delicate child and his mother was overprotective and inclined to spoil him.

A few years later Sol was offered a job to take charge of the New England Express Company's stables in Boston. They lived in Somerville, a suburb.

Mary had grown to womanhood and she became a member of the Somerville Choral Union as pianist. This musical organization gave many concerts and recitals including one at Tremont Temple when both the governor and mayor were present. Later Bertha Jane and Mary played duets at these popular entertainments.

William Herbert had gone to Chicago and met and married attractive Fannie Ruthven. Mary fell in love with Henry E. Crosby of West Somerville. They married and went to Niagara Falls on their honeymoon.

Bertha Jane became interested in Christian Science and joined the Mother Church in Boston. She continued her studies in music and became an accomplished musician.

Walter was growing up too. He started working for the Jordan Marsh Company in Boston. For some time he wrapped packages and became quite proficient at it. He joined the North Cambridge Minute Men.

In 1884 little Mary Alice was born to Henry and Mary Crosby. The grandparents were overjoyed with their first grandchild. Ten days later the baby's mother died. Henry and her family were stunned by her passing. Grief gripped the hearts of the whole family but it was Sol who felt the blow most keenly. Mary was their first-born. Why did she have to die and leave her tiny baby Sol kept asking himself?

The father, Henry Crosby, took the baby away. Time went on but Ann could see that much of the fun had gone out of Sol's life. He continued with his job for three years and then one day quite suddenly he said, "Let's go back to Barnet, Ann, that is really home to us."

Ann was looking at her husband. She realized he was getting old and didn't look as well as he had. She crossed over to his side and replied, "All right Sol. I know no place seems so much like home as Barnet does."

They sold their home in Somerville and moved back to Barnet, the little village with the green hills, waterfalls and white steeples. They bought the house at the end of Church Street and that home was to house three further generations of Stevenses. Sol liked the home they bought; there were rooms upstairs as well as downstairs. The house and barn were connected by a woodshed. Many New England homes were built that way, so one could go to the barn without going outdoors in severe weather. The woodshed was always filled in the fall. There were fireplaces and many stoves to keep fires in all winter long.

Sol worked part of the time but often he was not well. He lived but ten years after he returned to Barnet.

9

SOME OF THE STEVENSES GO WEST

Xerxes was seventeen years old when his sisters had their double wedding. Dick was eight. Xerxes liked guns and often went hunting. Solomon and Sally thought their children were growing up too fast. It wasn't many years until Xerxes was "liking girls." There was one in particular that appealed to him, petite, fair Elisabeth, daughter of Walter and Phoebe Harvey. Her father was prominent in town affairs. Town representative for seven years and also associate judge. Her grandfather, Col. Alexander Harvey was one of the most prominent men in Barnet. He was born in Stirlingshire, Scotland in 1749. He was educated in Glasgow University and developed early in life a reputation of honesty and dependability; because of that he was elected to come to America and purchase land for settlement of a company of farmers of Perth. He was widely known and highly esteemed in Vermont. He took an active part in the Revolutionary War; he was a member of the state convention and a member of the general assembly. He was also the founder of the Peacham Academy, Colonel in the militia.

Xerxes brought his bride to the old homestead as Solomon and Sally always encouraged them to do. Elisabeth wasn't always satisfied with this arrangement but when Xerxes called her his "little bundle of love" and told her that "precious things came in small packages" she was willing to stay there while he was away fighting in the Civil War. Elisabeth was quite artistic and she whiled away many hours with her paint brush. She painted even when she was an old lady.

Xerxes was sheriff before he served in the Civil War. He became Captain of Company D, 15th Vermont. He served with distinction but because of illness contracted during his service, he was discharged after a

year's service. He never fully recovered from this illness and died rather early in life. In 1874 the Xerxes C. Stevens Post No. 83 G.A.R., Department of Vermont, was organized in Barnet.

When Xerxes came home from service they moved into a home of their own and when he was feeling better he served as sheriff again.

One windy March day in 1866 their first child was born. They named her Nellie.

His brother Phineas had earlier gone to Lacon, Illinois where he had farmed and prospered. In 1863 he organized the Lacon National Bank. He wrote to Xerxes to come to Lacon to live and to occupy one of his farms. After a short time in Rochester, New York, he and Elisabeth and their baby went to his brother's farm. They stayed there for five years when both brothers moved to Iowa. It was at Van Cleve, Iowa that Xerxes and Elisabeth's son, Robert was born. It is said that he was the first child to be baptized in the Van Cleve Congregational Church. It was Robert's family that we know best of all the Stevenses. Most of them are now living in California.

Xerxes could not do hard work. Elisabeth was sturdy and energetic and had more of a sense of money values. While most of the Stevenses could make money, many of them were not good financiers.

They had been reading about homesteading further west. Land could be had by living on it and developing it. Xerxes wanted to go to Nebraska and take up a homestead. They could build themselves a home and they would have land to raise food on. They would have something to leave to their children. Elisabeth was willing. In 1871 Xerxes went to Filmore County, Nebraska and filed the necessary papers and then returned to Iowa for his family. They built a sod house. In spite of all they could do they suffered many hardships in this new country. Some years were so dry they couldn't raise a crop. There were terrific blizzards and some years the grasshoppers ate up all their crops. On Sunday the sod house was full of children. Elisabeth taught them Sunday school lessons. Nellie helped her mother serve the children bread and butter before they left for home.

Within five years Xerxes was dead. Robert was six years old. For a year Elisabeth did the best she could. One day as she and the children were out in the yard Elisabeth saw a cloud of dust to the west of them.

Elisabeth Stevens (Mrs. Xerxes)
with Nellie and Ora

Capt. Xerxes Stevens

Elisabeth knew what it was. For a moment she stood as if petrified, then she grabbed her children, pushed them into the house and said, "Nellie you and Rob get under the bed and stay there." Nellie had learned to mind when her mother used that tone of voice.

Elisabeth grabbed the red tablecloth off of the clothes line and hurried up the ladder at the side of the house. As she ran across the roof to the northwest corner she saw an enormous herd of buffalo coming straight for the house in a stampede. She waved the red tablecloth frantically, hoping to distract the leaders. Just before they got to the house the leaders seemed to hesitate a moment as they glanced at the waving tablecloth. Then the herd divided and half of them went on each side of the house. Elisabeth dropped to her knees as the last buffalo passed the house, "Thank you, God, my house and children are saved!" tears streamed down her face.

Elisabeth moved to Grafton, Nebraska and became postmaster there. Nellie prepared herself to teach school. The need was great. She was beloved by all her pupils, but one pupil had so much admiration for her that when in later life she was about to die, she "willed" Nellie her little daughter. Little Ora Keeper lived with Nellie for many years until she, like her mother and brother, died of tuberculosis. And Nellie cared for her all through the sickness.

Nellie's and Auntie Stevens' home was a haven for all and the town mourned when Elisabeth died in 1905. After Ora's death Nellie and Alida Curtiss became fast friends and they lived together until Nellie died.

Robert grew to manhood at Grafton, Nebraska. When he had finished his schooling there he decided to go to Marshalltown, Iowa where he entered business college; upon graduation he was employed at the Marshalltown State Bank. He worked there for twelve years. Rob, as he was affectionately called, met the merry-eyed Maude Drum, daughter of Charles and Anna Drum, pioneer residents of Marshalltown. The romance of Rob and Maude culminated in their marriage on July 12, 1899.

Rob was county treasurer for a number of years and was also employed by the Marshalltown State and Fidelity Savings Bank, after which he organized the Van Cleve Savings Bank. Following the selling

Mrs. Robert Stevens (Maude Drum) with Elisabeth and Katherine

Robert Stevens

of that bank he bought the stock of the Albion Savings Bank which he operated until his retirement.

He, like many of the other Stevenses, was interested in history and he collected antiques, guns and stamps. He died suddenly at the age of 76. He was a member of the Damascus Lodge A.F. and A.M. and also a member of the Congregational Church.

Three daughters were born to Maude and Rob. Elisabeth named for her grandmother, is the wife of Hubert Dougherty of Esterville, Iowa. He is connected with the Welfare Department there. Katherine, a music instructor, became the wife of Boyd Thompson a teacher in the El Monte, California schools, where they now live. The youngest daughter, Roberta, is a nurse in Los Angeles. She was a lieutenant in World War II and served as a nurse in England. (Roberta and Herbert are the only two surviving Stevenses of this line of the Stevens family.)

Maude has three grandchildren: Virginia Lee, Constance Louise and Robert Stevens. They are children of the Boyd Thompsons. Virginia Lee, who married Donald Baudrand, chemist, is the mother of Cherie Ann, James Winslow, Richard Lynn and Connie Lou. Constance Louise is married to Frederick Francis Owens and they have a one-year-old daughter, Lisa Marie.

Maude has a chest that was brought over from Scotland about the time of the Boston Tea Party. She also has a beautiful lace fishu that was sent to Elisabeth, Rob's mother, by Benjamin Franklin Stevens.

10

WALTER——OF THE SEVENTH GENERATION

While Walter looked more like his mother, he had many of the characteristics of the other Stevenses; he was proud, energetic and tenacious and had a great love of country. Although his schooling had been sketchy, because of much moving, he had a thirst for knowledge and he did much reading and collecting of books. He appreciated good music and he was proud of his sister Bertha Jane for her accomplishments in music. But, like some other members of the family, he had little conception of the value of money. His tastes were for the better things of life but his judgment was sometimes lacking.

Walter was twenty-three when his father moved back to Barnet. He went to work for his uncle Will Brock. It was getting cold and Walter didn't like butchering, hauling wood and putting up ice. He had other ideas about what he would like to do. Perhaps because he was born in a hotel and spent many years of his life in hotels, the excitement of people coming and going intrigued him. Some of the boys had been talking to him about Bermuda. He thought he would like missing a cold New England winter. The sunny climes of Bermuda appealed to him. He decided to go and work at the large Hamilton Hotel there.

The day before he left Barnet he took his sister Bertha to the train. She was working on the St. Johnsbury *Caledonian.* Her father had been a good friend of the editor and when a job as compositor was vacant he offered the job to Bertha. She capably filled this job for many years. She had a large circle of friends in both St. Johnsbury and Barnet.

Bertha felt lonesome just thinking about Walter being away all winter. "Walter, if you have made up your mind to go, I wouldn't do anything to stop you, but it's not going to be the same without you."

"I'll be back in the spring, Bertie (as he called Bertha Jane) the time will go fast."

Bertha was older than Walter but as she was small and young appearing, no one thought she was older.

Henry Crosby had not been able to keep little Mary. She became sick and he had to work so he had brought her to her grandparents' home at Barnet where she was now living. Walter hated to leave little Mary most of all.

On January 24, 1888 he sailed for Bermuda. Walter was excited; this was his first ocean voyage. He hadn't been away from home for very long at a time before. His emotions were mixed; the youth in him cried out for adventure and change but family ties were strong. He became seasick before he was very far out to sea. He felt miserable; he wondered if he had made a mistake to leave home and family. He remembered the tears in his mother's eyes, the firm grip of his father's handshake, and how little Mary had thrown her arms around his neck and cried. Ernest looked as though he would like to go too.

But upon his arrival he was feeling better and the island looked beautiful as his ship approached the harbor. He went straight to the Hamilton Hotel. He was assigned a room and he started to unpack his trunk. He took out the Bible his mother had given him, he opened it and turned a few pages, then laid it carefully on top of the dresser.

New interests and excitement made him feel young. What would the next few months bring him, he asked himself.

The next morning Walter was measured for a uniform. He liked uniforms. In the afternoon he went shopping; he needed a coat, vest and shoes but the jewelry department attracted him first; he bought himself a ring. Walter soon got onto the swing of things. Saturday evening he worked until 12:55 as there was a dance in the parlor.

He liked to watch the steamers and yachts come in on his day off. One day eighty-seven people came to the hotel after the steamer came in. A few days later they had a big time celebration.

There were pretty girl waitresses and it didn't take Walter long to get acquainted with them. It was about three weeks before he took his first girl, Amy Gale, out to the yacht races. Sometimes he went out to Prospect Barracks to watch them drill. In the evening when he didn't work

he played backgammon with Amy. Walter soon became acquainted with all the young people but Amy was his choice and they were together at every opportunity. They went over on the boat, the *Triton,* when they went to the yacht races. He felt forlorn when he knew Amy was leaving for the states. On the last evening he gave her a gift and stayed with her until two A.M. The following day he went on to the *Triton* and bid, "my darling Amy goodbye" as he wrote in his diary. This was the first parting he had ever experienced with a loved one and he was lonesome and miserable. He kept in his room all afternoon and he felt, "as he never had before and hoped he never would again." In desperation he moved in with John Munson the next day.

As spring advanced fewer and fewer tourists came in on each boat. Walter was thinking more and more of going back to Vermont but there was still work to be done. Sometimes he worked in the office and did filing and he also took inventory of the stock. By the twentieth of April they started taking up carpets, it seemed to Walter there were always carpets to beat. The first day he worked at it his hands were blistered.

The day the S.S. *Muriel* arrived he didn't have to work so he and Joe rode over to Milday Bay. They rode in a donkey cart. It was interesting to watch them load onions on the boat. They were in the land of onions but the Easter lilies were coming into bloom too and the smell was much sweeter.

Walter was excited this morning. They had asked him to go down and get the United States Consul and bring him to the hotel for dinner.

Walter himself was getting ready to leave for the United States. He had gotten his steamship tickets endorsed. He wanted to get some gifts for the family; he picked out jewelry and on the day before sailing he went over town to get some specimen plants to take back to Vermont. On May 30th he left for home on the S.S. *Trinidad.* There were ninety-two people aboard. It was nice and smooth sailing the first day and Walter felt fine but the next day was choppy and he felt sick for awhile. He arrived in Boston about seven and saw Fred and Katie Cowin at Plymouth. He arrived at Barnet at four P.M. Walter's folks looked awfully good to him. He proudly showed them his plants and was enthusiastic about trying to make them grow in Barnet.

It was good to walk down Church Street. He could look over across

Stevens River to the old brick house on Anderson street; it held so many memories. He liked Uncle Abbott's folks. It was a beautiful June day, water was trickling down the hillsides; he knew the springs would be full. The surrounding hills were so pretty and green, ferns were growing along the road. He would go down to see the falls before he went up to the brick house. The falls were always beautiful to Walter and today the water was foaming and gushing over the rocks and boulders. He went down Mill Hill and got another view of it. He thought back to the many Stevenses who had looked up at the falls. He wondered if he would ever have a son who would see the beauty of these falls as he saw them.

Walter stayed around home for a short time. He wandered through the rooms. He listened to Bertie playing the piano. His father seemed happier since he had come back to Barnet. He helped fix up things around the place, planted some gardens. He was still writing to Amy Gale. He thought about her quite a lot. Maybe he would see her before too long.

There was a great stir in the brick house; there was much cooking and planning, every room was being made ready for company. They were going to have a family reunion. On the twenty-first of June, Walter went to the depot to meet Uncle Dick Stevens and Aunt Mattie Stevens from Visalia, California. They had been in California for eighteen years, twelve of them at Visalia where they had built up a prosperous mercantile business. Walter was in his element; he loved parties and excitement. Later he met Uncle Phineas and daughter Emily of Marshalltown, Iowa. The J.W. Balch family came from St. Johnsbury. They stayed for two weeks but on the third of July it was a special day when all the Stevenses from all around Barnet joined the group. They hadn't been together before for twenty-five years. It was a memorable occasion. Dick and Phineas proved to have big hearts and liberal hands. It was a happy day but tinged with a bit of sadness for Catherine Fairbanks, Phoebe Stevens, Jane Clement and Capt. Xerxes Stevens had all passed on. The old homestead had been the scenes of both happiness and sadness and would continue to be a much lived-in house as long as it stood.

Walter again became active in the Odd Fellows lodge and he became

Hamilton Hotel, Bermuda

Twin Mountain House, New Hampshire

Adjutant Canton. The I.O.O.F. Lodge in Barnet was called the Connecticut River Lodge No. 7 and was formed in 1880.

Dances were not always popular, especially with the Scotch people but they could always have Promenades. Walter never missed any of them. They were held in Town Hall.

Later Walter joined the Masonic Lodge of St. Johnsbury. It was Lodge No. 27 A.F.&A.M., Caledonia Chapter, Royal Arch.

Summer visitors were coming into the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Walter was restless to go to work again. He went over to Littleton to see Mr. Weeks of the Chiswick Inn. On July 9th he went to work at the Inn where he stayed for some time. They worked hard but had good times. They had parties in the "Helps' Hall." They danced and played Copenhagan and Casino; sometimes they went down and listened to the band playing. Walter tried to go to church on Sunday when he wasn't working.

Walter had devoted much time to little Mary Alice when he was home; now the news from home said she was very ill. He was worried so he determined that he would go home to see her. She was just barely alive. He and the nurse sat up all night with Mary Alice. He wrote in his diary, "I sat up all night with my darling little girl."

He returned next day to Chiswick Inn with a heavy heart. Two days later he received word of her death. He went back to Barnet for the services. It seemed that the whole town had turned out for the funeral which was held at home.

Walter was lonesome and sad; he kept saying over and over, "I can't see why little Mary was taken." He had a long talk with his father that evening. Somehow he felt better. The next morning before returning to Chiswick Inn he had a long talk with his mother. He decided living a long time made people more understanding; as much as they loved Mary their grief was not despairing. They knew how much heartache she would miss.

There were May and Olive, there were also Irene and Charlotte and Walter liked them all. He went up into the woods and got an alpine stick and in the evening he and Irene worked on it. He took a walk with Olive and later he and Joe Donnelly went to a minstrel show.

On Saturday all the help had their picture taken. Life was going on as usual. He worked in the office some evenings and some evenings they played cards in the drawing room. One day he went over to Oak Hill and brought the Nelson girls over and showed them around. Walter had an eye for pretty girls. One day he saw Nellie Bowman in town. Then he saw Amy Gale at the depot and went to see Annie Nelson in the evening. He still liked Amy, but that didn't keep him from liking other girls too.

He was surprised the next day when his brother William walked in. He wanted him to go back to Chicago with him but Walter was not ready to go yet.

At lunch he was called upon to wait on a German Count and Countess. They knew Walter would do it right. On the 13th of Sept. they gave a big dinner for D.C. Remick at the Inn. Fifty-three were in attendance.

It was almost time for the season to close. He helped some of the girls get work at the Goodnow House. He would be leaving Chiswick Inn soon and his plans were to go back to Bermuda for the winter. He received another letter from Amy Gale.

That winter in Bermuda his life followed a similar pattern to the one of the previous winter. There was work and girls and fun. The work seemed easier for him this year; he felt more at home in his surroundings. Bermuda looked very beautiful.

In the spring he came back to Barnet.

Walter worked at numerous hotels in New Hampshire and Vermont; then at the urging of his brother William, he went to Chicago. William had been baggage master of the Terre Haute & St. Louis Railroad, Pan Handle route to Pennsylvania. However, recently he had become part owner of the Nilson Laundry Company of Chicago. Walter hated to leave his parents as his father was not well but he made them promise to write if they needed him. After he arrived in Chicago he operated the delivery route for his brother. In places he crossed miles of railroad tracks. He boasted that if he went to sleep the horse could find its way back to the laundry.

Later he worked for the Marshall Field Company, the largest dry goods company in the world. He delivered for them. Their equipment was of the very best. Horses, harness and delivery wagons were kept

spotlessly clean. Walter was proud of the equipment he used. They only worked the horses half a day when fresh ones were hitched to the wagon. Everything was carefully inspected. The drivers wore uniforms and had nothing to do but drive and deliver. Some one else cared for the equipment.

Walter stayed with William and Fannie awhile as they were lonesome after losing their first-born, Bessie Fay. However, before Hazel was born in 1892 he decided to move to a room in a hotel. He went back often and Hazel soon was watching for his coming and would smile up at him. "Isn't she cunning," Walter would say and Fannie would remind him that he was spoiling her. They would all go out together on Saturday nights and have dinner and attend a show, or else they would have company, and always Walter would show Hazel off to the guests.

Walter was still thinking of Amy Gale. "As soon as I get some new clothes and save a little money, I will invite Amy Gale and her mother to come to Chicago," he was planning. The World's Columbian Exposition was about to open. Walter was intrigued by the exposition. He had watched it as it was being built in Jackson Park on the shores of Lake Michigan. It had taken two years. He felt that it was almost his fair by the time it opened on May 1st, 1893. President Cleveland pressed the button setting the intricate machinery in motion. It is said his opening address was listened to by 400,000 people. There were 400 buildings and it covered 200 acres. Every important nation on the globe was represented. The architectural beauty of the whole exposition was one of its greatest achievements and has rarely been excelled. The total cost of the exposition was estimated at forty million dollars. More than twenty-seven million people attended, slightly less than attended the Paris Exposition in 1889.

Walter was never happier then when showing friends the sights and taking care of their every wish.

After the Gales went home to Barre, Vermont, Amy sent Walter a beautiful book *America's Wonderland* by J.W. Buel. Walter smiled as he opened the package; he loved books and beautiful scenery. When he read the accompanying note tears came to his eyes, "I hope this might give you some pleasure in return for the many you have given me and my mother." We have the book and this note in our possession.

At The Old Home in 1895

(L to R) Ernest, Fannie, William Herbert, Ann Eliza, Solomon, Jr., Little Hazel and Bertha Jane Stevens, Walter Evans Stevens, seated in foreground

A year later, in 1894 Walter's father, Solomon, had a stroke. When he received word of it, Walter knew that he would have to go back to Barnet and help his mother. Bertha Jane was still working in St. Johnsbury and Ernest was not strong enough to help much. Eventually Solomon recovered enough to be in a wheelchair. To Sol who had been active all his life even a wheelchair was confining but the confinement gave him time to think, and to see the beauty that was all about him.

It was an autumn day, the air was crisp but Sol was warmly wrapped and was sitting in his wheelchair in the back yard. He looked out across the Stevens River toward the White Mountains of New Hampshire and then he lowered his view to include all between. He thought he had never seen the country look so beautiful. Nature had splashed color with a lavish hand. The bright red and gold of the maples, the white trunks of the birches contrasting with the vivid yellow of the leaves, the oaks, elms and evergreens added their color to the hills and valleys, and the Connecticut River was winding its urgent way to the sea. The sky looked unusually blue and the fleecy clouds made patterns across the sky. He noted a flock of birds in the elm trees. Their chattering was incessant. He knew they were getting ready to migrate south.

At last his eyes rested on the brick house on Anderson Street; it was partly obscured by trees. He remembered his boyhood days there. The years had gone fast. His nieces and nephews were there now living with his sister, the beloved Sarah. There were things he would have done differently if he could have lived his life over again, but on the whole he had had a good life. He looked up and smiled as he saw Ann Eliza coming toward him. "Come here, Ann, isn't our whole world beautiful?"

Two years later Sol saw Walter coming up the path to the front porch where he was sitting. Walter's face was white, there was a telegram in his hand. Walter looked at his frail father and wondered how he was going to break the news to him.

"We have some bad news, father, its a telegram from Fannie," that was all he could say at the moment. He gripped his father's hand and in a shaking voice said, "We won't have Willie with us any more. He dropped dead on the street while he was doing some Christmas shopping," he finished as he handed the telegram to his father.

Sol took the news in silence. He was not emotional like Walter but a look of pain came into his face. His first son was dead. Why, he asked himself, did he linger on while Willie, who was needed so much, died at such an early age. What would Fannie do, and there was little Hazel.

Walter was stunned by the news. He had had such a close association with his brother during the last few years. He thought of little Hazel. After consultation with his parents, Walter left immediately for Chicago.

Walter never knew how he managed the next few days, but he did his best to help Fannie. He remembered a great many attended the funeral and there were lots of flowers. William had lots of friends. After Walter had done all that he could he went back to Barnet to help his mother.

Fannie was capable and found a good job as personnel manager of girls at the American Radiator Company. While Hazel was still small she had a chance to try out for a part in *Ben Hur.* She won the part and played with William Harman. Later she played with Richard Mansfield in *Henry the Fifth.* She was invited to go on the road but her mother didn't want to leave Chicago and her husband's grave. Perhaps a theatrical career for Hazel was stopped at this time.

Hazel, widow of Frank Zasadil, was connected with the Snyder Candy Company of Chicago for many years. Only recently she passed away.

Sol Stevens failed fast after his son William died. Less than a year later he too was gone. Quoting from his obituary, probably written by the editor of the St. Johnsbury *Caledonian:*

> Our old friend, Sol, has at last succumbed to what has been called the "Grim Messenger" but this time we would call it an angel of mercy. Long he has been a sufferer, and a patient one; and has prayed for the change that came last week Thursday and released him from trouble. He lived more than three-score-and-ten years, being in his 75th year. The funeral was held at his cozy home the Reverend Boardman officiating.

> On life's track we have traveled much together, old friend,
> I started in first, you first reached the end,
> The end I'm approaching, it may be quite near,
> For I'm on the "home stretch" not far in the rear.

Together we've played, labored, laughed and we've cried,
To do our very best we often have tried,
Many times we have failed as others have done
Why we have failed we'll know better when the race has been run.
Will what we do here mar forever the bliss
In that bright spirit world far better than this?
O, no, no, it cannot in that sweet home above,
Where sin finds an end, wrongs righted by LOVE.

— Ed.

"Sol" Stevens was a man well known in Northern Vermont having for many years been connected with hotels and stages in various localities. He married Ann Eliza Evans, daughter of Horace Evans. He leaves his wife and two sons and a daughter in their home in Barnet.

While in Barnet Walter was again active in the Odd Fellows Lodge. He never dreamed when he went to the Odd Fellows dance this night that he would meet a girl who would change the rest of his life. Across the hall he saw blue-eyed, blonde Isabelle Guthrie. She was slim and graceful. Walter especially noticed her beautiful light brown hair. She was dancing with Willie Guthrie. As Walter looked closer he saw some resemblance; maybe she was Willie's sister. It didn't take Walter long to find out and get an introduction. The rest of the evening most of his dances were with Belle. He liked the blue dress she wore that matched her eyes so well.

Perhaps it was the wholesomeness of this country-bred Scotch girl that attracted him so much. He had known a lot of girls, but somehow Belle appealed to him as no other girl had. Belle liked fun and adventure but there was a shy reserve about her that commanded respect and admiration. Belle had had men friends but she had never really loved anyone. Walter, always courtly, impulsive and ardent, swept her off her feet.

He met her family and liked them. He often boasted he opened and shut five gates to court Belle, she was living at the Liddle farm at that time.

Arthur and Margaret Hunt (left)
Walter Evans and Isabelle (Guthrie) Stevens (right)

Walter had made up his mind about Belle and when Walter made up his mind he seldom changed it. Belle was to learn that as the years went by.

On June 15, 1898 Walter took Belle to St. Johnsbury, Vt. and they were married in the parsonage of Reverend Thomas Tyrie. It was just six months after her sister Maggie had married Arthur Hunt. They went to Willoughby Lake for their honeymoon. Green hills, beautiful lakes, ferns, trees and flowers. It was an ideal setting for a honeymoon.

They walked down to the lake hand in hand. Walter's eyes shone with excitement and love. He wanted to put her on a pedestal and worship at her feet. Belle, trim as always, was excited and flattered by so much attention. Walter managed e v e r y t h i n g. Later Belle was to wish that Walter would take her into his confidence more, that they might sit down and plan together.

After the honeymoon they went back to Barnet and the house on Church Street. Mother Stevens and Bertie arranged a reception for them. The house was made beautiful with ferns and flowers from the woods and garden. The home was filled with friends and relatives. Neighbor women helped with the serving. Someone was heard to remark, "How lovely Belle looks." There were many gifts. Much old silverware, a clock, family Bible (from Walter's mother) and some lovely china vases are among the gifts to Walter and Belle that we have in our possession still.

One day after they had been home for a few months Belle said, "Let's go down to Chicopee Falls and see Maggie and Arthur." Belle was four years older than Maggie but they had always been close as sisters. They had so much fun, they decided they would try to get work at a nearby hotel. Walter was right at home in a hotel. Belle learned quickly. She was capable and had learned to work early in life.

They had been there only a few weeks when Mother Stevens wrote for them to come home. She couldn't manage the place and the few cows and chickens. Belle had been given a calf a few years before, so she had a cow to add to the livestock. They went back. That home was often to house more than one family.

Walter got work at the Roy Croquet Factory. Mr. Roy was instrumental in developing croquet as a pastime and had expanded his business all over the world. In addition to making croquet sets the plant

manufactured games of all kinds, handles, box shooks, butter boxes and stamps, rolling pins, swing cow stantions and other items. The factory was located in East Barnet. We have a croquet set from there which is nearly fifty years old.

Walter would bring Belle expensive gifts; at first she was pleased and happy about them but later when she found they could not meet their regular bills, because of the gift, her Scotch thrift was outraged. Belle was never consulted on financial matters. It would have saved a lot of heartache if she had been.

When Ann Eliza's brother Charles died he left her considerable money so she had a house built for herself, Bertha and Ernest. It was only partly successful as the children were away so much it fell upon Walter and Belle to look after her when she was sick, and she finally died at their home.

Belle's mother and father lived with them, because Grandpa Guthrie's health was poor. When Maggie and Arthur moved back to Barnet, they stayed with them until after their little Margaret was born.

Life went on about as usual. Walter was taking a correspondence course in electrical engineering.

Winter was coming on and Belle was looking pale. Walter was worried." I'm going to take you to Dr. Elliott's, Belle; I want some bloom in those cheeks of yours." Walter said one evening. Belle was willing, she never felt quite like this before.

Dr. Elliott examined her carefully; when through he smiled broadly, "It looks like there is going to be a baby in the family."

"A baby!" Walter exclaimed excitedly. He couldn't believe what he had heard. "Do you mean we are going to have a baby?" he asked incredibly.

"Belle is going to have the baby, Walter, don't get so excited." But Walter was excited. Tears were in his eyes. He put his arms around Belle and kissed her; already he was solicitous.

They had been married more than three years and Walter was beginning to think they never would have a child. He loved children so much. He would have a child of his very own to love.

For the next few days he was walking on air. Belle would have liked to keep the news to themselves for awhile, but not Walter. There were

Herbert as a child

Roberta J. Stevens

Ethel Mayhew Stevens

Herbert Guthrie Stevens

few where he worked who didn't know the news before the end of the week.

Ann Eliza was delighted. She hoped she would have another grandchild before she died. Hazel Stevens in Chicago was the only one she had. Ernie had never married, nor had Bertha Jane.

As the months passed Belle felt surprisingly well. Fine seams were being sewn. There was lace, embroidery and tucking on long gowns, and there were long petticoats to match. There was crocheting, lace and ribbons. Would it be a boy or girl? Walter declared he didn't care, but he would like some one to carry on the name. Belle didn't care but everything looked a bit girlish. There wasn't too much difference in boys and girls clothes at that time. This day was Tuesday, August 12th, 1902. There were rumblings of thunder and flashes of lightning. The household was up at five o'clock. Walter had to be at work at six. Belle's cousin, Mattie Guthrie was there. Mrs. William Higgins was also on hand for any emergency. Dr. Elliott was only waiting to be called.

After Walter left, Mattie, who was standing at the window, saw a streak of lightning come down and strike a barn down on the road to McIndoes Falls. It burned to the ground.

On the bed Belle stirred uneasily. A few minutes later she asked Mattie to get Dr. Elliott.

At six-thirty, an eight-and-one-half pound baby boy was born. He was plump and soft and had large blue eyes. A half hour later they laid him beside Belle. She looked at him and said, "My son." There was love in her eyes and joy in her heart.

Sometime later a neighbor told Walter that he had a boy. Walter's joy knew no bounds. He rushed home as soon as he could get away. Seeing his son in his wife's arms was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. Walter, always emotional, was touched to his very soul.

Days went by and they hadn't decided on a name. What name was good enough for this boy? "His grandfather and his great-grandfather and a great-uncle were named Solomon but, Belle, I don't think we can name that sweet little boy, Solomon." Belle agreed. Not even William was good enough.

They named him Herbert Guthrie Stevens.

APPENDIX

SOME FAMILIES CONNECTED WITH THE STEVENSES

John and Joan White came from the western part of England to Salem, Massachusetts in 1638. It was several generations before they married into the Grout family and also the Stevens family. I will quote from a newspaper clipping dated 1899:

The notable event in this part of the State this week took place on Tuesday, the twenty-sixth, in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Grout farm, in Kirby. It was complete in every feature and an occasion that was greatly enjoyed by five hundred or more relatives and friends.

Nearly one hundred relatives, assembled at the old homestead, at the invitation of William W. Grout and his sisters and brothers, during the forenoon. At noon the lunch was served in a large tent in the field east of the house. Ten A tents were also pitched close by for the use of guests.

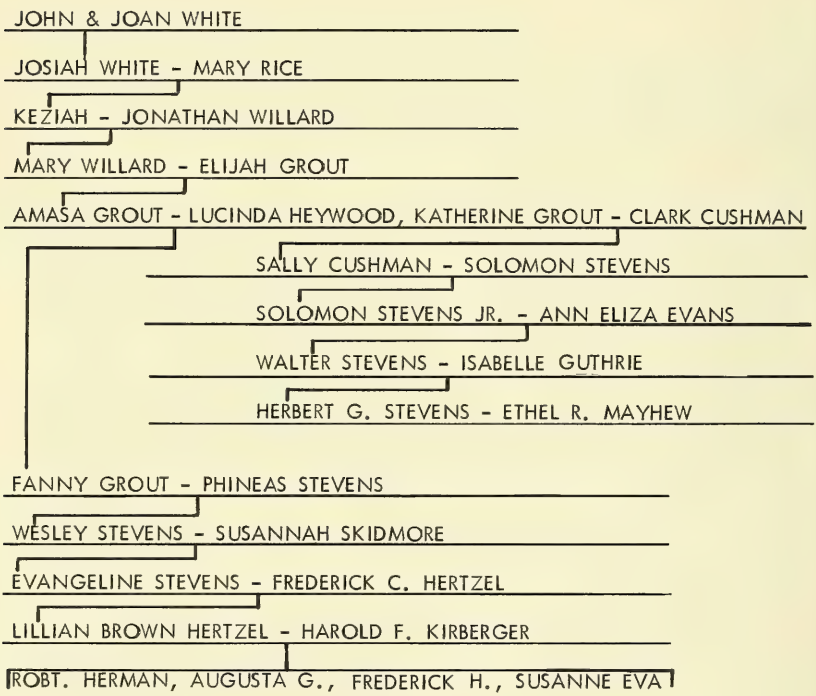
By one o'clock the company was increased by the addition of friends and acquaintances from near and distant points to all told between 500 and 600 persons.

Among the distinguished guests were Hon. J. B. Gilfillan of Minneapolis; Judge Aldridge of Littleton; Dr. Silas Ayer of Boston; Gov. Josiah Grout of Derby; Col. E. Baldwin of Wells River; Editor Hayes of Essex Junction; Senator Ross and Judge Ide of St. Johnsbury.

Soon after two o'clock the General called his flock under the big tent, equipped with seats, platform and a piano and an interesting program was presented.

A paper by Gen. W. W. Grout revealed that Theophilus Grout, the original owner of the homestead had 123 descendants now living.

WHITE - GROUT - CUSHMAN - STEVENS



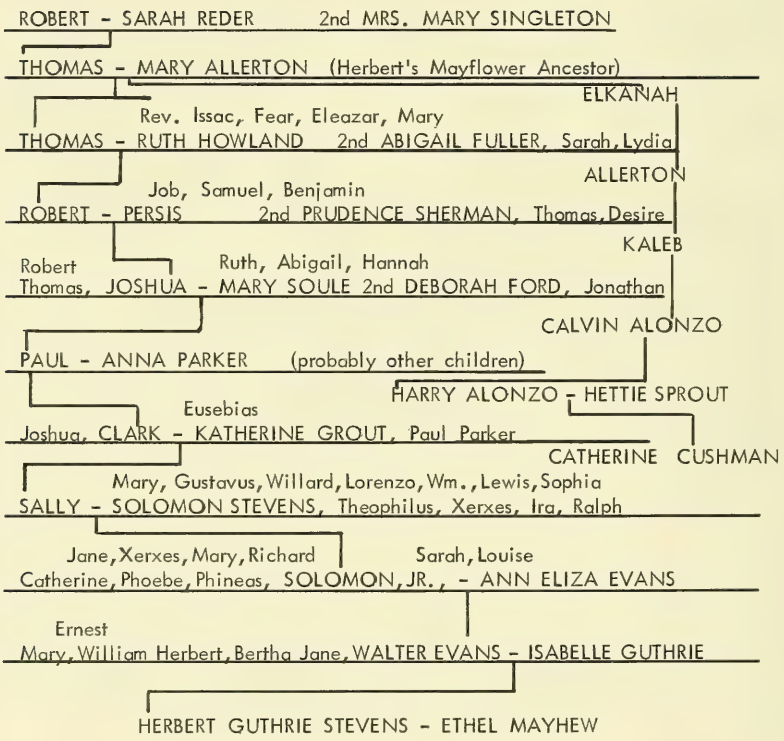
The St. Johnsbury band rendered selections in fine style Dr. Silas H. Ayer of Boston read a humorous paper comparing the merits of the Grout and Ayer blood, and wanted to know if the good reputation of the Theophilus descendants was not due to the infusion of Ayer blood.

After the program the company repaired to the house where ice cream and cake were served by Caterer Atwood of St. Johnsbury. The piazza and rooms of the house were decorated with flowers and ablaze with patriotic colors, which presented a beautiful scene.

Nancy and Sophia were the only surviving children of Theophilus and they were 85 and 84 respectively. They were honored members of the centennial.

He was the progenitor of a prolific race. He read the Scriptures for a purpose, pasted in his hat the verse ordering multiplication with the object of peopling the earth, and obeyed the order with a presentation of eleven children for the purpose aforesaid. It was a noble example and the earliest ones did as well as they could in that direction but in spite of their best efforts the second generation dropped nearly fifty per cent in prolificness. The third generation continued the reduction and in time possibly will drop into the custom of modern society, forget the original order and be satisfied with one child raised with a bottle.

THE CUSHMAN BRANCH



THE CUSHMAN FAMILY

Robert Cushman was born in Canterbury, England in 1579. He made a name for himself in both England and America, although he was in America only a few weeks. Robert believed in a greater freedom of religion and the separation of church and state. He joined with others, including Elder Brewster and Governor Bradford, to form a new church. They were labeled Puritans derisively, but the name since has become famous.

The Puritans found themselves abused, hunted and hounded and their homes were watched day and night. They finally escaped to Leyden, Holland in 1607. They saw in time they would be merged with the Dutch. With a deep conviction of the importance of religion to the souls of men and the molding of character and their desire to spread the gospel they decided to emigrate to America.

Robert Cushman and Deacon John Carver went back to England to see King James and to arrange for a boat. After much waiting a patent was allowed them and Robert Cushman secured the *Mayflower* and John Carver the *Speedwell.* As not all of the leaders could go on the same boat, Robert Cushman unselfishly agreed to go on the less commodious boat. It proved unseaworthy and they had to turn back to England. However, in 1621 he and his son Thomas came to America on the *Fortune.* He stayed only three weeks leaving his son in the care of Governor Bradford. Robert, realizing that the group in order to survive had to live together in peace and harmony and with much self sacrifice; preached his sermon on "Self Love" the night before he left. It was the first sermon preached in America to be published (in England). It is said to be the cornerstone of American literature. When he went back to England he left his son in care of Governor Bradford.

He was active and influential in procuring the charter for the Plymouth colony. Governor Bradford said of him, "He is our righthand with the Adventures (as they called themselves) and has managed all our business to our great advantage."

A letter to Governor Bradford entreated the governor, "to care for my boy as your own." Robert's first wife was Sarah Reder. After she died he married Mary Singleton, widow of Thomas Singleton. They were married in Holland.

He was planning to come to America again when he died suddenly.

His son Thomas, who was born in 1608 in England, was brought up by Governor Bradford. He was appointed Elder of the church after Elder Brewster died. He served for more than forty-three years, or until he died. It is said that he was a blessing to the church, grave, sober, holy and temperate. He worked for peace and prosperity of the church and tried to prevent or heal all breaches. In 1636 he married Mary, daughter of Isaac Allerton of the *Mayflower.*

He assisted the Governor and went to London five times in the interest of the colonies. His wife was the last survivor of those who came over on the *Mayflower.* From this Puritan stock descended the Cushman family of America. The progeny of this couple have settled in nearly every part of the Union and have contributed much to the development of America. They were hardy, energetic and courageous people. Besides contributing ten officers in the Revolutionary War there were more than sixty in the ranks for Massachusetts alone.

A famous actress, Charlotte Cushman, was also a member of this family. Charlotte Cushman was born on Richmond Street, Boston, July 23, 1816. Her parents were Elkanah Cushman and Mary Eliza Babbit. Her father was born in the seventh generation of Robert Cushman. She prepared herself for the operatic stage, playing in the *Marriage of Figaro* and *Guy Mannering.* Her voice failed her and she became an actress.

She became a tremendous success in both Europe and America. During her visits to England, Miss Cushman impersonated Meg Merrilies more often than any other character. In America she was also famous for her performance of Nancy, in a melodrama founded on *Oliver Twist.*

It is said she brought great energy and pathos to her acting which powerfully affected her audiences.

In London in her first appearance she played Bianca in Dean Milman's *Fazio*. Her triumph was indisputable. Her intensity and vehemence completely carried away the house. She wrote to her mother in America, "All my success put together, since I have been upon the stage, would not come near my success in London." In 1860 she was playing in all the chief cities of America. Her very last appearance was in 1874 when she took leave of the New York stage amid extraordinary enthusiasm; a torchbearers' procession escorted her from the theater to her hotel; she was serenaded at midnight, and in her honor Fifth Avenue was ablaze with fireworks. She died in 1876. Her death was regarded in America as a national catastrophe. The press and entire country bore witness to her greatness and laid tribute upon her grave.

Charles Haddock Cushman, son of Judge Gustavus Cushman, served in the navy with distinction during the Civil War and retired as Commander. He married Nannie Stewart of Annapolis, Maryland. He was appointed Midshipman in the U. S. Navy at the age of seventeen. Their eldest daughter Nannie married Rear Admiral Lewis Kimberly, United States Navy at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1874. He was head of the navy during President Cleveland's administration and was in command at Samoa during the great storm and ordered the band to play as one of the ships went down. They had two children, Victor Ashfield Kimberly and Elsie Stewart Kimberly.

Miss Catherine Cushman, head of the home economics department at the Turlock (California) High School, was presented the Turlock High School Parent Teachers Association honorary life membership award for this year (1959). The award was made at a Founders Day meeting.

Miss Cushman has taught at the THS since 1924 and was given her life membership award for her loyalty to the community and to her church and for her great interest in classes in homemaking. Miss Cushman has literally taught thousands of girls training in food and child care.

She recently tendered her resignation to the board of trustees of the Turlock High School. The board accepted her resignation with regret.

— From *Turlock Daily Journal*

Miss Cushman also descended from the famous Robert Cushman.

Excerpts from Robert Cushman's Sermon

The text was "Let no man seeketh his own but every man another's Wealth." The following was taken from an edition of 1847:

The proper drift of the Apostle is not to tax the Corinthians, for seeking their own evil ends in evil actions, but for aiming at themselves and their own benefits in lawful; and that appeareth in a former verse where he sayeth, "All things are lawful" viz: all such things as now we speak of to eat whether offered to idols or not, to feast and be merry together, to show love and kindness to this or that person, etc. But when by such means we seek ourselves, and have not a charitable, loving and reverent regard for each other, then they are inexpedient, unprofitable, yea, unlawful and must be forborne; and he that has not learned to deny himself, even the very use of lawful things, when it contendeth to the contempt, reproach, grief, offence and shame of his other brethren and associates, hath learned nothing aright, but is apparently a man that seeks himself and against whom the Apostle here dealeth very properly. . . .

Let every man's heart smite him, and let him fall to the examination of himself and see first, whether he loves not riches and worldly wealth too much, whether his heart is not too jocund of the coming in of it and too heavy at the going of it out; for if thou find it so, it is great danger.

I thee rather press these things because I see many men both wise and religious which are yet so tainted with this pestilent self love, as is in them even as a dead fly in the apothecaries ointment, spoiling the efficacy of all their graces. . . .

And the word here translated "wealth" . . . may not be taken only for riches, as Englishmen commonly understand it, but for all kinds of benefits, favors and comforts . . . and lest any should say, If I may not seek my own good, I may do nothing; yes, sayeth Paul, I'll tell thee, thou shall seek the good of another; whereas now all are seeking help but one, by this means thou shall help many. . . .

Doctrine 2. A man must seek the wealth, the profit of others, I say he must seek it. . . . His own he need not seek, it will offer itself to

him every hour; but the good of others must be sought; a man must not stay from doing good to others until he is sought unto, pulled and haled (as it were) like the unjust judge, for every benefit that is first craved, cometh too late. And thus the ancient patriarchs did practice, when the traveler and wayfaring man came by they did not tarry until they came and asked for relief and refreshments, but sat at the gate to watch for such, and looked in the streets to find them, yea, sat upon their doors that they might freely and boldly enter in. And however some may think this to large a practice since the world is so full of people, that I see not but the more people there is the more charity there ought to be. . . .

If all men were kind to thee, it were but publicans rightousness to be kind to them . . . So if love and charity be departed out of this world be thou one of them to bring it in again . . .

Did they say in Matthew XXV:44 plead that others did nothing for them? Not such matter, not such plea will stand before God. His word is plain to the contrary; therefore though all the world should neglect thee, and condemn thee, yet remember, thou has not to deal with men but with the highest God, and so must do his duty to them notwithstanding.

There is no grief so tedious as a churlish companion, and nothing makes sorrow so easy more than cheerful associates; bear ye therefore one another's burthens and be not a burthen one to the other.

Be it so however, that some men should neglect himself, his own wife, children, friends etc and give that he had to strangers that were but some rare vice in some unnatural man, and if this vice slay a thousand, self love slayeth ten thousands. And this the wisdom of God did well foresee and has set no caveats in the scriptures either to tax men or to forewarn them from loving others, neither sayeth God anywhere, let no man seeketh out good of another, but let no man seek his own; and everywhere in the scriptures he hath set watchwords against self-good, self profit, self seeking, etc.

These excerpts were taken from an article found among the papers left by Miss Bertha Jane Stevens and the article was published by *The Christian Science Monitor,* Oct. 24, 1911.

The Cushmans Were Letter Writers
(Not only love letters but amusing and profound ones)

Ralph Cushman, son of Clark and Katherine Cushman of Barnet, was born Nov. 12, 1801. He left home on foot in March, 1822, walked to Portland Maine and from there to Alexandria, Va. He was a teacher in Montgomery County Maryland, then in South Carolina where he studied law. He was in practice in Opelousas, La. and married Oct. 1832 Esther Rebecca Brashear. In practice in Marksville, La. he was appointed by Governor Johnson, Judge of the 13th Judicial Dist. in 1840 and 1842 and elected to the same bench in 1853.

No doubt love was the same a century or more ago but the ways of expressing it were decidedly different. The following love letters were written by Herbert's great-great-uncle, Ralph Cushman to Esther Rebecca Brashear.

Dear Rebecca:

Pardon the liberty I have taken to address you a few lines — I have latterly visited you frequently — I have thus far trespassed upon your indulgence and politeness because I took delight in your company, but, lest I tax too far your kindness and indulgence, it becomes a duty which I owe you to declare the motives which induce my visits, and in so doing I implicitly trust in your confidence.

I visit you not because I merely respect you I visit you not because I am politely and kindly received but because I entertain toward you a higher and purer nature than those of pure friendship — it is my wish to *address you.* Should my views and wishes meet approbation, I would be happy to continue my visits — *if not* it will put an end to hopes which I have fondly but perhaps delucively indulged. I address you these few lines in the spirit of true candor. I hope should you deem them worthy of your notice, that you will reply in the same spirit. You may think it strange that I should resort to writing when I have opportunities of expressing my feelings in your presence, but I humbly yet frankly confess that such is the embarrasment of my feelings when in your company that I am almost unable to express my sentiment in a rational manner.

Mr. Lee, my friend and *your friend* will hand you this in whom perfect confidnece may be placed

Yours etc.

Ralph Cushman

The reply:

Mr. Cushman:

I received your letter last evening by Mr. Lee and I must confess was a little surprised to think you were compelled through diffidence to have recourse to writing. You complain of embarrassment, which accords so well with my feelings, I think a sufficient cause for writing. It has always been my wish to be candid with every person and I shall certainly be so with you as far as I am able, although I feel a delicacy in expressing my sentiments even by letter.

Your visits for the future will depend entirely upon your self, whether you think proper to continue them or not. You will perhaps think this is rather abrupt. I must own my perfect inability to write on this subject. You will therefore excuse the briefness of this letter.

I remain respectfully,

Rebecca Brashear.

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Gustavus G. Cushman, born 1804. Educated at Peacham Academy. Studied law with Paddock & Stevens. Admitted to the bar at Danville 1827. He married Mary Elizabeth Haddock. Moved to Bangor, Me. 1829. Alderman at Bangor. Maj. Gen. of Militia 9th Div. Appointed by President Pierce, Commissioner under Reciprocity Treaty between U. S. and England. July 1857.

The following is a letter written by Clark Cushman Pierce, grandson of Judge Gustavus Grout Cushman (brother of great-grandmother Sally):

Mother married in 1855 and shortly after her marriage, father was appointed paymasters clerk to Capt. Henry Prince and was ordered to Ft. Davis, Texas, which in those days was the center of Indian country. Mother and father left Buffalo in '56 after a long and hazardous trip arrived at Ft. Davis, a military post.

After the war broke out, father was offered a U. S. Consulate by President Lincoln with the privilege of selecting his location. He selected Matarmoras, Mexico which is at the mouth of Rio Grande, opposite Brownville, Texas side. Father was appointed in '63 and immediately went to his post of duty from Bangor, Maine. The government sent mother and us two boys down on a transport and we ran the blockade all the way from New York down past Havana until we reached Brazos, Sandiago. Mother, Frank and I were the only passengers on the vessel. We reached Matarmoras where we found father busy organizing, at his own expense, two regiments of cavalry composed of Mexicans and loyal Texans and which afterwards did service in Mississippi and Louisiana. We stayed at Matarmoras at the Consulate and at Brownville until 1864 when mother and us boys went north to Buffalo and Bangor. We remained in Buffalo until just after President Lincoln was assassinated when we returned to father. In 1865 we again started for Buffalo, N. Y. leaving father at his post. We crossed the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans at which point we took a steamer, Olive Branch, for a trip up the Mississippi to St. Louis.

We were the only Union people on the vessel and I remember very distinctly an incident that occured which shows how intensely patriotic my mother was and also the courage she had.

Among the passengers was a Rebel lady of great pride and intense loyalty to the south and she had two boys about the age of Frank and me. She became acquainted with mother and of course they had spats, regarding the war, although in a ladylike manner. The lady one evening when the cabin was crowded with passengers (all Rebel) took occasion to go to the piano and play and sing, Bonnie Blue Flag and other Rebel

songs in a manner that mother took as a challange to her Unionism. While she was playing her songs us boys got to fighting in a corner over Abe Lincoln and Jeff Davis. While this had been going on the passengers had been singing with the lady and when she got through silence reigned for a moment and the Rebels had the floor. In a moment, however, mother, who was a large, magnificent looking woman, walked over to the piano and sat down. She had been taught music by one of the best masters in America when a girl and was an artist at piano playing. In a few minutes the audience was surprised at hearing a beautiful voice and good music with mother singing, Rally Round the Flag, Sherman's March, and to rub it in as it were, Red, White and Blue. They did not say much because mother's courage and loyalty in a croud of enemies, made them admire her.

Then to cap it all we little Union, yankee devils in the corner had whipped the two little Rebels and we were cheering for Abe Lincoln with all our might and main.

I remember the incident as clearly as anything. Mother's right to play and sing was conceded her.

The above writer married a Spanish lady of an old Spanish family of Mexico. They raised five children. Combining the old Spanish blood with his New England traits and blood, he assures us, produces courageous men and beautiful women.

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To return to Ralph Cushman, he sent this letter from Jackson, Butts County, Georgia. April 9th 1827 to his sister Sally Cushman Stevens of Barnet, Vermont.

Dear Sister:

After so long a time I venture to write you again, with the faint expectations that you may be possibly tempted to write me a letter which will be something very rare. I believe I have not been honored with a letter

from you since I left my native home. I have not heard from any of my friends at the north since 12 months ago.

I am very anxious to hear from you. I am sure you could devote a few minutes most any day to write a letter. You could give me a description of the situation of my father and the circumstances of my brothers and sisters.

Gustavus used to write us occasionally but since he has got upon his professional stilts he writes in such a bombastic style that we can't understand him.

I want to hear how you and your family come on, how many children you have got whether they have any sense — how does sister Louisa do; does she have any brawn, is she a pretty good girl, has she stored her mind with useful knowledge? Has Sophia got to be a good girl, does she go to school, does she learn fast? Where is brother Theophilus, is he doing well, how is his wife. How does Pop and her old man make out for a living. Does Gust get any steadier. Is Willard regained his health. What is he doing for a living.

How does father and mother do, are they like to get through with their debts. Has Bill got to be a man yet. Does his eyes stick out of his head as usual.

I suppose you think after propounding so many interrogations to you I might afford to give you an account of myself. I have written so many letters home all of which contained something of my fate, that I can say but little about it. I am the same old ugly looking rascal that I was when I left home and if any improved in anything, it is nonsense, if reformed at all it is from bad to worse.

I have got to be an old bachelor and shall probably live and die the same. (He didn't; see love letter.)

Brother Ira has become a lawyer. He was admitted to the Bar a few weeks since. Brother Xerxes has got him one of the best wives in the world. He will move to Georgia next winter. The further he can get to the south the better it will be for his health. If he would quit studying it would be better for him. I will try to get him into some business. The society of the frontier of this state is wretched. But man can accustomed himself to most anything. Scenes which I once viewed with abhorrance are now become so familiar that I can sit and laugh at them.

What has become of Aunt Stevens family, do they support that mock dignity and greatness which they used to assume or have they become dismantled of their august robe and walk now with their humble yet worthier fellow creatures.

Write to me as soon as you can and give me a discription of the family affairs. My respect to Mr. Stevens, Father and Mother and brothers and sisters. I remain your affectionate brother

Ralph Cushman

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The following are excerpts from other letters written by Ralph. This was written from Ebenezer Academy, South Carolina, Apr. 9, 1826.

Dear Sister (Mary)

After a lapse of considerable length of time spent anxiously waiting for the reception of a letter from you, I have concluded that you will not write to any of us til we write to you. Had I know that you were so ceremonious I should have written before. The world has become very punctilous and I fear that ere long, every little office of friendship will have to be attended with as much formality and punctilio as the feasts of Persion monarchs. I am informed that you have united your destiny with another who stands in the interesting relation of husband. I was gratified to learn that you had made a wise and prudent choice.

Brother Xerxes health is very delicate though he is able the most of the time to attend to his business. Ira is riding in North Carolina on business.

I shall take up school again tomorrow for six months. I shall have a very good school and tolerably profitable.

Times are exceedingly hard in this country this year. Money as scarce as I ever knew it. Corn is from $1.00 to 1.50 per bu. and very scarce. Flour is selling at $8 per barrel. Cotton is very low from ten to eleven dollars per cwt.

I hope Father will get through his difficulties without having to sacrifice those paternal acres, over which we sported away our childhood and youth. It appears that fortune delights in persecuting the young Cushmans, whether out of wanton malace or in order to humble their stubborn and unyielding hearts. We are actually too proud and unyielding to ever get rich in this world. But I hope we will all die honest men — "an honest man is the noblest work of God." I am afraid Gustavus is building too many air castles. We must all prepare to meet the world as it is not as we would have it.

Affectionately,

Ralph

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Ralph writing to his parents in Barnet from Opelousas, La. 1830:

Dear Mother and Father:

Since I wrote brother Theopilus I have traveled upward to a thousand miles. You will no doubt think strangely of my romantic habits. I have always endeavored to consult my own welfare and interest in every measure I have adopted, though disappointment have frequently marked my footsteps never the less I deem it my duty to persevere in those duties which we all owe to ourselves. I left Georgia last December and traveled through Alabama and Mississippi and a considerable part of this state. I came here with the expectations of making money faster than I could in Ga. I have no doubt I will succeed when once established. I have to read more yet before I can be admitted to practice law in this state. Professional characters are richly rewarded for their services through this country. We are one hundred miles west of the Mississippi River. It is an open prarie. Some of them are so large that so far as the eye can wander not a tree or shrub can be discovered. The land is very fertile and is almost entirely devoted to cultivating sugar-cane and cotton.

It may not be interesting to you to know something about the manners

and customs of the inhabitants of this state. Its population is so hetergenious in its character in general.

Geography and history have not exaggerated — The Sabbath is hailed as a day of amusement and is distinguishable from week days only from places of sporting and amusements being more plentifully thronged. It is the best day for trade with the merchants in the seven. The billard table and farroe bank the grog shops are richly attended. The sound of the church going bells is no more noticed than the idle winds. There are however enough righteous Lots to redeem the character from the fate of ancient Gomorrha. There are a portion of citizens in every place that I have visited that would do honor to any age or country. The political character of the state is a small majority of Hickory. Though the sugar planters are in favor of the undisguised policy of Adams with regard to the tariff and internal improvements. As to the tariff my humble self is opposed to it "upon principle" the very genius of our government is *political equality.* Equality and liberty are twins tied by nature, if they part they die. Every law passed which in its tendency impoverishes one part of the community to enrich the other is repugnant to the very spirit of our government and therefore unequal and oppressive. But such important questions should not be viewed by their bearings upon individuals or individual communities but as they impede or promote the national prosperity and are in accordance with the genius of our political institutions.

Your son and brother in undiminished affection,

Ralph Cushman

In writing to his brother William from Marksville, La. 1837:

Planting is profitable business but it requires a fortune to commence. Good cotton land is worth from fifty to seventy-five dollars an acre. Negro fellows are worth fifteen hundred dollars apiece, negro woman a thousand dollars apiece. At present to commence farming one should have at least three hundred acres of land and ten hands.

I should be delighted to see you and your lady in this country.

Brother Willard is doing very well. He is living about 18 miles from me teaching school. His education is such that I could get him into most any business, or office. But his religious notions are so strict that he is disposed to be retired in his habits and devotes himself entirely to religion and religious matters. He had the offer of Deputy Sheriff which he declined. A merchant here offered to take him into partnership and I offered to give him credit of three thousand dollars to enable him to start but he declined because they keep open on Sunday. I do not wish to advise or dictate anything which interferes with his conscience or his notions of right or wrong. He stands very high in the community where he resides and he has his sunday schools and they are well attended by the young and old.

His health has been better since he has been here and I have no doubt if he would quit taking medicine the climate would affect a cure. The greatest curse on earth is the doctors, they have made a walking apothicaries shop of Willard when nothing on earth is required but strict attention to diet and exercise on horseback. Willard tells me you are all getting Despeptic the effect of gormandizing. I would recommend you all eat less and take less medicine.

Affectionately, Ralph Cushman

Again writing to his brother William from Marksville, La July 1845:

Willard sent me by the last mail a letter from sister Louisa informing me of your illness. I regret to learn of your misfortune and would recommend to you an immediate change of climate, scenery and associations. Most of the diseases of our family are that of the mind and those diseases are induced and accelerated by the impoltic and over wise kindness of our friends and relatives aided by the apothecary and quack. If I could be operated upon by any deamon spirit to wish to accomplish the death of one of my relatives, I would catch him with a slight cold I would send for a starving doctor, he of course would make a desperate case of it, for two purposes: first to spin out a bill of sufficient length to pay his board, washing and lodging for a quarter. 2nd, if in spite of the doctor

nature should affect a cure, he would acquire a reputation of wonderful skill. In the next case I would surround his sick room with as much gloom and awful solemnity as possible, such as prayers, exhibitions, tears sighs and groans. At last a dozen of his dearest friends should constantly surround his bedside with their eyes swimming with tears and keep the patients mind directed to the awful moment of dissolution. With practice kept up for six or eight months I would kill the veriest Solomonder that breathes.

Now sir if you will take the advice of a brother who has had not a little experience in these matters and who feels as lively and deep and interest in your well being as any friend or relative you have. You will arouse yourself from that despairing condition in which too much kindness has thrown you. "Throw physic to the dogs" determine to leave that climate and come to Louisiana. Never mind what the doctors say, they no nothing of your situation and in two years I'll guarantee that you will be as fat as Barney Potter used to be. You are not going to die until your appointed time. I snatched poor Willard from the grave whither his kind friends were hastening him, he is now a healthy man and all by inducing him to leave the north for the south and introducing him to a kind of frontier life. If you will be induced to do the same I do not entertain a doubt that the same results will follow.

I have two farms come and live on one of them for the next two years, I will furnish you with 3 or 4 good stout negroes and you can make cotton and sugar enough in two years to clothe and sweeten the whole of Calidonia County. Besides you can have the finest venison, fish and turtle soup, every day of your life, that you ever tasted. Come this fall and I will take you to the Gulf of Mexico where you can enjoy sea air, bathing and oysters to your hearts content. If you have any military aspirations to gratify you can take a turn with the Mexicans as Texas is now annexed and by way of pastime you can now and then take a Comanche's scalp as trophies to lay at the feet of your wife and little ones.

In Sept. 1858 he wrote to his sister Sally (Sarah) as follows:

There has been an almost total failure of crops because of drouth. The Red river is so low that navagation has entirely ceased, we can neither

get our cotton to market or get our supplies from the city, so we have to live on Beef and corn bread until the river rises. I was in hopes I would have a large crop so as to enable me to send some of my children to Vermont. I should like to have them all at Peacham for I cannot get it out of my head but that is the best institution you have. I used to like the people there very much. There I found the true aristocracy that I admire, and a aristocracy of intellect and moral worth. The aristocracy of St. Johnsbury, I should judge, was rather new and dazzling but I must confess that I have no very great veneration for a glue and varnish aristocracy. Oh, how I envy you your good schools and churches. If you only knew the difficulties in the way of giving our children moral and religious education your educated young gentlemen and ladies would flock to our relief. By the by what do you do with all your young clergymen that come out from your theological seminaries annually, are you all so wicked that you require them all at home or have they forgotten the divine precept that "the whole need not a physician but they that are sick" if they have not, say to them that there is a moral pestilance prevading among us that require their aid. Preachers that would take charge of some seminary of learning here and teach and preach would lay up to themselves much temporal good and diffuse into our society untold spiritual blessings. Can't you send me out a good male and female teacher this winter. A gentleman that is a good classical scholar, mathematician would make money. My two sons are studying Latin, French and Spanish but I wish them to learn the Greek, and care very little about the Latin but they study it because it is taught. Margery is a fine performer on the piano and is beginning to play pretty well on the guitar and is tolerable well advanced in other studies. We are keeping her at home now, her mother is learning her to sew and keep house. I would like to have her remain with an accomplished teacher for two years more if I could.

Can't you persuade your sons and daughters to write to their old uncle.

Affectionately,

Ralph Cushman.

And to his father:

Marksville, July, 1846

Dear Father:

Yours of the 22nd has been received. It afforded me great pleasure to learn that you were in good health and in the enjoyment of a reasonable portion of this world's blessings.

Our family are enjoying good health. We have seven children Four of whom are at school. My eldest, Walter, is learning Latin, Spanish and French. My two eldest boys speak French fluently.

I would like very much to visit my kindred and friends at the north but I am now tied down for six years in the exercise of my office. My salary is Twenty-five hundred dollars a year I have eight terms of court to hold in each year in one of the wealthiest districts. Brother Willard has three children two sons and one daughter. I sent your letter to brother Willard. I wish you could come and spend the balance of your days with me. Nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to use every effort to make your last days, days of pleasantness and peace. And I hope my dear brothers and sisters at the north in their frigid notions of honor, religion and ceremony will not forget the privations and trouble and responsibilities of parents who have by their own labors, raised and educated twelve children and fitted them to move in the first circles.

Your Affectionate son.

Ralph Cushman

+ + + + + +

Xerxes has been mentioned in Ralph's letters. He was born in 1798. He studied law with Thaddeus Stevens. He went into practice in Yorkville, S.C. and was an editor there of the *People's Advocate.* He married Jane Dinkins. He died at the age of thirty.

+ + + + + +

Willard Cushman was also closely connected with Ralph. He was born in 1806. He struggled for health during his youth and regained it upon maturity and achieved success in teaching and practicing law. He married Eliza Bingham of St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

A letter from Willard at Marksville, La. to his brother William and wife Lydia of Barnet, dated 1837:

Dear Brother and Sister:

The painful news has reached me that the angel of death has been commissioned to visit you again with its fatal arrow and that your little Mary is removed from you to the land of silence, that she so soon followed her aged Grandmother to the eternal world and now sleeps by her side in the cold mansions of the dead. Your cup of sorrow is great. Scarce had the wound caused by your mother's death ceased to bleed e're it was opened again by the death of your little Mary. I feel deeply for you and for my fathers house. Such times as you have had since I left the parental roof. My mother has gone to another world. Her voice of consolation I shall hear no more. I have waited week after week to get a letter telling me about her last sickness, I return from the post office with a disappointed, sorrowing heart. The anguish of heart which such disappointments produce may you never know. You may think me childish, but, oh, judge me not harshly for a son's grief for an affectionate mother is no light matter.

I have a chance to teach school in the home of a rich planter in Pine Woods. If I don't get the clerkship of the Court, I think I shall go.

Ralph is in Alexandria attending court. He is as big as Mr. Harrington and as cunning as Uncle Sam White. Rebecca is well and scolds as well as any Cushman. Two children on deck and one in the cabin.

He addresses part of his letter to his sister Sophia as follows, using many words peculiar to the South and underlining them where italicized:

Dear Sister Sophia:

How do you do. Rebecca says I am always talking about Louisa and I say nothing about you. She says that I love Louisa best. I tell her I

think a *heap* of you. I was in hopes of receiving a *right smart* chain of letters from you ere this but I have received but *mighty* few. I have *allowed* that you have been so engaged that you would not write a *heap* to me. Now write me a *heap* and right *smart* chain of news, and I shall be *mighty* glad, I *recon'*. Write so many that it will be a *sin* or *caution.* I *is* learning French and the way I *tote* the law books about and study them is a *caution.* I can talk a *heap* of French. I *reckon* I have franked a *heap* of letters and I *allow* the mail will *tote* them to the North *mighty* quick.

My best respects to father and all my friends. Tell Aunt Dolly she looks exactly like Ralph.

W. S. Cushman

And another:

Bayou Chicot, La. 1838

My Dear Sister (Sally)

Your letter was received last Thursday. Your Thanksgiving Day. It gave me much joy and satisfaction. I had long been looking for a letter from some of my dear friends from the North. But have waited in vain until yours arrive. Why you all have neglected me so, this past summer and fall, you yourselves know.

My school will be through in five weeks. I shall be glad to see the end of it. It has been a profitable but very perplexing year. I do not know if I shall engage another year or not.

I wish to visit you next summer if I ever do it I must do it soon. I shall have about a thousand dollars beforehand and if I visit you half of it must be expended. I would willingly sacrifice this to see you once more. If I do return to the North it will not be to stay, I shall return and spend my days in this country. I feel like settling down in life and as soon as I can get established in some business, I shall take a rib, that is if I can find one. I have many friends in this country.

Tell Louisa to keep up good spirits and be sure and write me a good long letter. Oh, how can she be so neglectful of writing as she has been.

Sophia means to observe an eternal silence I believe, she has not sent or written me one word since I've been in this country.

I hope you are not crazy. Crazy what does the boy mean? I will tell you. I do believe that half of our northern women are so or they would let politicks, petitioning congress on such a variety of subjects, troubling themselves so much about the south. They know not what they are about. They had better mend their husband's footings sitting in the chimney corner than to make themselves so conspicuous in public matters. Give my best respects to father and mother, tell them to look for me about the first of June. I want to take a peep in the old buttery once more. I long for one of your fried doughnut cakes again. Do you have them now adays with a sprinkle of corn in them. They used to be mighty good.

Tell Phin and Sol that I would be glad to get a letter from them. I suppose they are now so large that I could not whip them as I used to do at school.

Tell brother Solomon that I have not read his letter yet because I have not received it.

Farewell, farewell til I see you at home.

Willard

In writing to his sister Sally again, Willard is still asking for more letters and, he adds "keeping school in the south is not like keeping school in the North." The date of 1839.

I received a letter from Judge Lewis of Opelousas asking me if I should wish for a situation in the Preparatory School connected with Franklin College of that place and if I did what salary I would demand. I have tried and true friends here but I have made up my mind that I will accept if they will give me one thousand dollars and board.

I hope the time will come when I have accumulated property enough to engage in other business.

I often visit you in imagination. My thought often wander far far away to the green hills and dales of my own happy land.

How does my good old father get along. Tell him that his son Willo, as he used to call me, may soon fill an office that may make him feel proud or at least thankful.

Dear sister, did you once think that things would ever be so prosperous with me. How true is the promise, "In all Thy ways acknowledge Him and He will direct thy steps."

Later at Opelousas

You will have heard of my prosperity ere this by father's letter. But that is not enough you must hear from me myself. When I left you at Bangor my heart was overwhelmed within me I was going I knew not where. I knew not what would befall me. What would be my lot, prosperity or adversity but the Lord has been with me for good.

Goodbye, goodbye, happy souls altogether and you can see the old homestead now and then

I remain your affectionate brother, Willard

Give my love to Henry Stevens and his wife Candace.

To his brother:

Marksville, Aug. 1, 1837

Dear Brother William:

Your letter was received two weeks since, while under paroxism of a fever. You will well reckon how well it was received with much pleasure. I was taken sick the last of July, was confined about twelve days and then went out too soon to my office to work. I was taken down again and the day I received your letter I had a tremendous ague or chills as it was leaving the servant brought in a letter from Jane, Xerxes widow, which was read to me by brother Ralph, which broke the chill and then came on the fever which raged very high; the other mail came which brought your letter which was read by brother and broke the fever then

came on the sweating stage. And I liked to have sweat my life away. The intermittant fever comes on sometimes every day and sometimes every other day. Oh, how dreadfully sick I have been. They say it is seasoning me to the climate.

Now as to the inquiry of me. I wish from the bottom of my heart you and Mr. Bracket could come on here. Ralph says that if you can raise money enough between the two of you for five or six negros he would advise you to come on and go into farming it is the most profitable that can be done here, that is raising cotton. The farmers or planters, as they are called here, are first class — top notch.

If you undertake it you will at first have to live in log houses, no windows, eat mush and milk, corn bread, smoked pork and sweet-potatoes. You will have to rise early and sit up late to see to things. You cannot work yourselves at all in the summer, it would be your death. But it is a sickly country as sickly as is in the world. I am afraid your wives would not be contented. I would like to have you come very much indeed and any assistance I could render you I would do it with the greatest of pleasure but I would hate to have you come and be disappointed in the country.

If you could raise the money to buy five or six negros, buy them as you come along and start a new plantation and if you could have your health you could make a fortune in a few years.

I am still very feeble and poor, no color in my face, no strength at all. I write two or three hours a day. Ralph and the other lawyers do most of my writing. I have seventeen new cases on the docket for the next court which will amount to six or seven dollars apiece.

Oh, how I would rejoyce to see some of my old Vermont friends again. We received your North Star and you cannot tell with what pleasure I persue it for it tells of the news at home.

I wish you would send a good shoemaker. He would do well. The shoes that you buy sometimes last two weeks. They are good for nothing. Love to all hope to see them next summer.

Willard

This letter was written two years later 1840:

Dear Brother:

I am still alive and in good health — work hard and make money and take care of it too. I have now fifteen hundred dollars at interest at ten per cent. I am still an old bachelor. I shall be thirty-four years old next Sabbath. I mean to take me a wife soon. I would like to go home first and see you all before I settle down in life. I have no interesting news to write you only money is scarce and times are hard and politicks are rageing very high. The Whigs are increasing here. Our elections have just finished, much fighting as usual but no lives were lost. We had several duels this summer but no lives lost.

Our college is still flourishing, our examinations will be in six weeks. I am now heavily engaged in preparing for it. Our vacation commences in Sept. I shall then go and visit Ralph. The sickly season has not commenced yet. We are not apprehensive of the yellow fever this year but it may come. I shall leave this place whenever it breaks out. Opelousas is now gay and pleasant. We have a Theater. I do not attend. We have phrenological lectures and Masonick lectures to beguile our leisure moments. We have also some pretty ladies here at present at least I think so.

Have you got to be an Abolutionist yet. I am about buying some negros what will my good friends say to this. Crops are very good especially the cottoncrops. The Fourth of July passed as usual without any ceremonies. The people are not so patriotic here as at the North. There were a few balls — rather *hot* dancing. I am still the same old six-pense, moral, prudent and industrious. Retiring in my habits and not making a big show in this world. I wish sometimes that I had a disposition to mingle in the world more. But it is *as it tis* and it can't be *no tiser.*

Do write me all the news about your family and affairs. Whether you are making money or spending it. Where is Aunt Dolly now. My best respects to her.

I'm through,

Willard

And to Sally again:

Opelousas, La. 1840

My Dear Sister:

I have something to write you which will be interesting to you and all my dear friends at the North. Oh, sister, that brother of yours who was once of deep anxiety to you and to my beloved parents is no longer an object of your commiseration. I enjoy my health. I am independent of the cares and frowns of this world in a pecuniary point of view. I might not owe a farthing and still be on the right side of $1400.00

My chair in the College of Franklin was not fixed until last week. I was then unamiously elected by the Trustees as Principal of the Primary Department of the College of Franklin, with a salary of $1200 a year. I am furnished everything except my clothing. I have a large and well furnished room at my disposal also a servant to wait upon us of the faculty of the College. Of course you will see that it will be out of my power to visit you this summer. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to visit you once more. Be prudent when you have something is still my motto. I shall then hold on to my present position which I would have to relinquish if I visited you in the summer. Tis true here I am in the midst of disease but He that keepeth Israel will even preserve me from pestilence until I have finished the work he has appointed me to do. My field of labour has its trials and perplexities, as well as its honors and salary.

Our College is a state Institution. The Legislature of Louisiana sent up some delegates to us; we have an examination of our pupils which I understand was highly satisfactory. They took our names and made report of our manner of instruction. which was printed in one of the New Orleans papers. I understand it gave us a very flattering description.

All of these things goes to show that the set time to favor me has come and I hope in my prosperity I shall not forget from whom all these blessings flow. But Oh, sister being a member of the faculty does not recompense for the trouble it gives me. College gentlemen are not so easily governed as school boys I can assure you. I have some interesting students to which I am very much attached and I believe they are

also very much attached to me if I can judge by their kind treatment.

I have twenty-one boys in my house and I have to see to all their wants. If they are sick I have to nurse them and I have got so I can beat father scolding.

Tell Louisa I will send her fifty dollars this summer because I have been disappointed in a love affair here and I am determined that some one shall be the better for it. Oh, how are all my dear friends. Please write to me immediately.

Willard Cushman

Horace Evans was the son of Zerah and Lucy Evans and was Herbert's great-grandfather on the Evans side of the family. Horace's first wife was Anne Walker. Horace was attracted to the vivacious young woman who could spin and weave and go out and catch a horse when her father wanted one. This story has been told about her, "One day she and her sister, Sally, were weaving up in the attic and one of the girls said, 'I'll go where you go!' and Ann jumped out of the window. Sally was afraid to follow here."

Ann Eliza and her brother Ferdinand were the only two children born to this wife. In due time Ann Eliza married grandfather, Solomon Stevens, Jr.

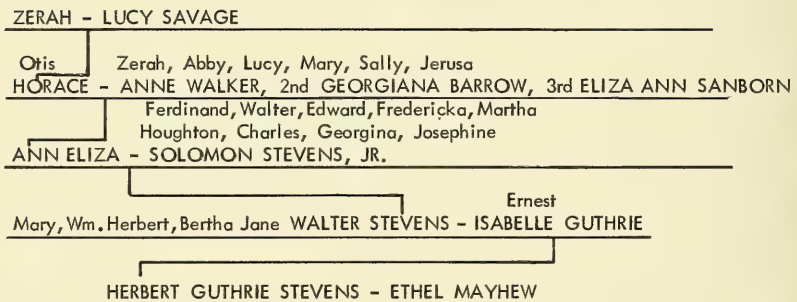
Horace and his family lived at Danville Green, Vermont. He was Sheriff of Caledonia County. He had charge of and lived in the jail house.

Anne did not live very long and Horace took for his second wife, Georgiana Barrow; their children included Houghton, Charles, Walter and Edward. These young men served in the Civil War at Ft. Davis, Texas.

Charles became an expert on textiles and when he left the employ of Dodd, Brown & Company of St. Louis, his fellow employes presented him with a beautiful watch. On the inside of the watch is engraved, "Charles H. Evans, from his fellow employes of Dodd, Brown & Co. St. Louis, April 2, 1881." On the front were the initials CHE. Herbert has the valuable watch in his possession, having inherited it from his father.

After leaving the employ of the St. Louis firm, Charles accepted employment with Burke, Walker & Company of New York, Manchester and Paris. An old letter found among clippings reads as follows:

ANOTHER FAMILY BRANCH - EVANS



Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 10, 1881

My dear Saul:

We authorize you to engage Mr. Evans on the terms you propose, viz. $4,500 for the first year; $4,750 for the second year and $5,000 for the third year. Our increased capital will give us such facilities as will enable Mr. Evans to make a position and reputation second to none in America.

Very truly Yours,

O. W. Sang

Charles had never married and he died while he was rather young. However, there was romance in his life. Had he lived he probably would have married Mrs. Theodora Hemling.

When he died his will revealed gifts of money to his sister, Ann Eliza and her family of Barnet, also a house and lot in Barnet. He also left $2000 to "a very dear friend," Mrs. Theodora Hemling. He also left her jewelry.

Horace Evans's second wife also died and he married Eliza Ann Sanborn. Two girls and two boys came to bless this family. Eliza Ann was an artist and did fine oil paintings — the Grandma Moses of her day. We have an oil painting done by Eliza Ann.

The Horace Evans family also lived at Lyndon. Horace was a member of Blue Lodge # 27 F.A. & M. at St. Johnsbury, Vt. We have a silk Masonic apron that belonged to Horace Evans.

GENEALOGICAL AND FAMILY NOTES:

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